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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 146.—Vol. XI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 19, 1906 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Bassano*

A MOTORING MAGISTRATE

Although a J.P. for two counties, Mr. J. E. Hutton has never exhibited any violent anti-automobile tendencies. He will drive this Berliet car in the Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man on September 27

No. 146.—Vol. XI.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"Bubble Reputation." By Alfred Buchanan. (Skeffington: 6*s.*)
"The Betrayal of Mistress Donis." By G. Connock Dyke. (Skeffington: 6*s.*)
"Kinsmen." By David Heron. (Skeffington: 6*s.*)
"A Golden Shadow." By L. T. Meade. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"A Hundred to One Chance." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 2*s.*)
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"A Book of English Gardens." By M. R. Gloage. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

London: Wednesday
September 19, 1906

A Telegram

"Rumour that next Cabinet to be held Wilhelmstrasse suit convenience Ministers now studying German institutions Berlin quite unfounded.—C.-B."

* * *

Sir Edward Grey visited the Foreign Office one day last week, and the appearance of a British Minister at this time of year in London, studying British institutions, is only another proof of the energy and originality of members of the Government.

* * *

News about the fashion in winter overcoats is reassuring. They will be "fitting close to the waist, with full 'skirts' reaching sufficiently low to show only a foot or so of trouser." No fear, after all, of the crinoline this year.

* * *

As it is, however, women are alarmed enough at the development. It was bad enough to see one's latest frock worn by Mary Jane on her evening out, but—by James!

* * *

A French inventor has brought out a new overcoat for motorists, which is described as a telescopic garment containing cavities in which the head and limbs can be conveniently tucked. The victim's body, doubtless, is not considered of value to the collector.

* * *

A new dahlia recently exhibited at the Crystal Palace is described as being composed of broad single petals, with a vivid orange centre surrounded by a spiky grill, and it will probably be adopted as the flower badge of the Suffragettes.

* * *

A Twenty-Word Tragedy

"ERRING WIFE,—In the hurry of eloping you have taken away key of wine-cellar. Please return it and all will be forgiven.—HEART-BROKEN HUSBAND."—From the Agony Column of a North country newspaper.

Photo *Park*

The author of "The Bondman" attends rehearsal at Drury Lane

N.B.—We are pleased to be able to publish this photograph (authorised) of Mr. Hall Caine leaving a cab. It would form a fitting companion, framed and hung by the side of the photograph (unauthorised), which we published last year, of Miss Marie Corelli entering one

How Society's fads are aped by the lower classes! Divorce is fashionable in the Potteries, week-ending is a suburban joy, and now the Welsh miners have taken up "ragging."

* * *

The divers at work on the sunken Spanish galleon at Tobermory have brought up two silver soup plates, but experts fear that the soup has been irretrievably lost.

* * *

"Chucks and Chucking" is the title of a recently published book. Illustrated, too. As an antidote, the same firm offers a book on "Jiu-Jitsu and Other Methods of Self-Defence," with a section specially adapted to ladies.

* * *

Yet another smart detective capture has been made in Paris through the discovery of a missing button. Is not this device getting a little "*vieux jeu*"? Why not the tracking of a thief, for a change, by means of a missing button-hole?

* * *

"The professional critic's approval," writes Marie Corelli in the *Rapid Review*, "is the one thing to fear." Then Miss Corelli must indeed be frightened when she reads her publishers' advertisements, which make liberal use of the "approval" of these fear-inspiring monsters.

* * *

Musicians will be glad to hear of the Wagner Electric Motor-Horn. "Its note," writes our motoring expert, "is piercing and resonant, yet distinctly musical." Scoffers at the composer will acclaim this as a welcome novelty.

* * *

The first Editor of the *Daily News*, Charles Dickens, originally wished to call it (so Mr. Chesterton says in his new book) "The Cricket." How our contemporary must chafe when it reflects on the chance it missed of being the organ of the greatest national interest!

Lady Flo on Circuit

(Paragraphs extracted from Her Ladyship's Correspondence while on Country Visits)

By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS

IV.—BURGLARS!

We're very mixed biscuits at Crow's Next this week. Most of the sponge-cakes have been shot out at the end of their fortnight, and we have had some sparkling reinforcements in the persons of "Sniggers" Lomax, who gives life-like costume imitations of Marie Lloyd; the Chutney girls, with their sardonic mother; dear little Lady Fletchmere, odder than ever (see the sketch of her newest bed-frock I have put in the left-hand corner); and Lord de Cadeth, who is too amorous to have his watch mended since Lady Fletchmere accidentally dropped on his knee in the railway carriage. The house hums with energy till one o'clock every night, and nearly everyone is delirious at breakfast, which lasts from ten to twelve.

Yesterday morning Mr. Cumberland took me by the hand (I think I get this style from some devotional French novelist) and led me into the kitchen-garden.

"Do you know that you are killing yourself?" he asked. Now I thought I had matched the fatigued tinge of cream in my cheeks very nicely with a crisp lilac print, and I told him so. He laid his hand on mine, and said that I was a silly baby. Now, when a man says that, he ordinarily embraces you and pats your cheek. I can't make this man out. He was apparently quite angry. I shrugged my shoulders delicately, and pulled at one of the buttons of his coat. He certainly looked at my dear little pink finger-nails, but frowned as much as ever. I got up off the seat—(you know how I get up, dear, don't you?)—and pulled a plum off the wall. I could feel his eyes on me, so I stood on tip-toe and reached for the top fruit.

"Will you come fishing with me this afternoon?" I turned round slowly, with a nice red plum between my lips, and pulled the front of my hat down to look at him. There was a certain amount of eagerness in his eyes, so, of course, I said "No." He only laughed, and said he was sure I would.

"You'll catch the hook in the ankle of your stocking, and you'll get your feet wet, and you'll be stung by a fly, and you'll make me crack nuts for you, and you'll come back looking as if you've been kissed, even if I sit on the opposite side of the bank all the afternoon." I flung the plum down, and stormed into the greenhouse. (The greenhouse has only one door, dear.) He strolled leisurely after me. It was dreadfully hot inside, so that I suppose ordinary motives of propriety induced him to stop at the door. He was just about to say something apologetic, when we heard voices from the far end. I should never have stayed to listen, and I'm sure Mr. Cumberland wouldn't, if it had not immediately dawned on us, little as we could hear of the conversation, that a burglary was being planned! We caught such phrases as "When the cat's asleep," "Mrs. Orison's room," and "You must watch below to give warning." Then there was a sound of the conspirators moving, and we tip-toed out of the place as quickly as possible. We intended to wait at the kitchen-garden gate to discover the culprits, but Muriel Chutney and Jack Bennett spotted us, and marched us off to make up a tennis set. With mutual winks, Lewis and I determined to bide our time.

Mr. Cumberland had arranged to be on the landing, with a revolver and a bottle of brandy (I insisted on the brandy), ready for all emergencies.

That night I let down my hair, looped it as gracefully as possible, and donned a simply adorable dressing-gown, that I'm afraid I shall always owe for. Black velvet sandals and a sweet little brass curtain-pole for self-defence completed the outfit. Then I sat by my bedroom window, sucking throat pastilles, so as to give a really musical scream.

Suddenly, to my utter horror, I heard a sound of scratching. Clutching the curtain-pole tightly with both hands, I staggered to the window and peeped out. I gave one utterly hideous scream, and dropped on the floor. *There was a man climbing the pipe between Mrs. Orison's window and mine!* Mr. Cumberland dashed into the room—(he looks ripping with his neck open and no collar)—thrust the bottle of brandy into my arms, and brandished his revolver out of the window.

"Who the devil are you?" he yelled out—which is an absurd question to ask a burglar. Of course, the man only slid down the pipe, where, so Mr. Cumberland says, he was joined by another man "dressed in white hunting breeches," and the two bolted off together through the gardens. By this time the whole house was aroused. Mrs. Bobby White, Mrs. Orison, and Mr. Mackichan were the first to reach my room, where I still lay on the floor embracing the bottle. Mr. Cumberland dragged Mackichan off as he was (pale blue, dear) in pursuit of the desperadoes, and the dear Duchess (in a black silk costume of a sort), taking the whole scene in at a glance, had the presence of mind to knock the head off the brandy bottle. (Lady Fletchmere, who arrived dressed in a counterpane, had hers out of a soap-dish.) Jack Bennett roused the rest of the men, and took them out by the front door, so that my black velvet sandals were largely wasted.

Suddenly we realised that we had been left unprotected, for Mr. Bobby and Lord de Cadeth (in an orange dressing-gown) were as useless as the squealing maid-servants.

We ultimately found the men posted round the kitchen-garden. Jack Bennett laughed till the tears ran down his face at our appearance, and, certainly, Lady Fletchmere, in a blue and white quilt, with an armful of candlesticks and pincushions for battering purposes, must have presented a comical spectacle

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Feeding One Thousand Young Pheasants

A WOOD CROWDED WITH TAME CHICKS, WHICH NEXT MONTH WILL BE IN WILD FLIGHT

We are now within eleven days of pheasant shooting, and the above is a typical sight just now in the woods. At one moment the path is deserted. Then the keeper whistles, and throws down the corn. All of a sudden the marvellous sight is seen of a vast crush of birds, advancing tamely, picking up the corn at his feet. And yet, next month, these same birds will be so wild that no human soul can approach within one hundred yards of them, so shy is the pheasant of the creature that he once tamely allowed to feed him

"Aut Scissors, Aut Nullus"

A Damaging Admission

To our grandchildren we shall chatter tediously of the Great Heat Wave of nineteen hundred and six.—*Daily Chronicle.*

* * *

Who Made Her?

It is an axiom to which all persons of experience will assent that the young author may be born but the literary woman is made.—*The Outlook.*

* * *

Present-Day Reading

The day of "Elegant Extracts," when men were willing to take their literature in disconnected sips and bites like a woman's meal, is over.—*The Academy.*

* * *

The New Grandmother

The New Grandmother is as fresh as paint—will make her! A well-known West End dressmaker has said, "Our best customers are the old. The young now frequently think of the future, the old, generally, of the past!" The modern grandmother has golden hair, a complexion that youth must envy, an activity which puzzles her grandchildren, and a thirst for amusement which is insatiable.—MARMADUKE in the *Graphic.*

* * *

Our Vitiated Tastes

The scarcity of good husbands is mostly due to our preference for the bad.—Mrs. GREELEY-SMITH in the *New York World.*

* * *

The Non-Existent Smart Set

The smart set is like any other body of sinners—it consists entirely of other people. No one ever admits that he belongs to it, and the only people who really recognise its existence are those who aspire to be members—if there are any such people—and those who denounce it.—Mr. FILSON YOUNG in *The Outlook.*

* * *

Dangerous Streets

The safest way to cross some street corners is to skate across on a banana peel quickly and quietly at the psychological moment.—*Daily News.*

The Austrian Exhibition at Earl's Court: Some of the "sights" that will be remembered by visitors

Drawn by Simpson

The Men of the Day

Ask some really nice girl—and there are some in London, even in these days of bad influences—what the conversation of her dance partners is like. She will divide them into three classes—the idiotic, the really good fellows, and those whom you must pretend not to hear or not to understand when they talk to you.—*The World.*

* * *

Mr. Stead on the Music Hall

As I sat and listened to the kind of balderdash that was accepted as wit and the drivel that seemed to appeal to the intelligence of the audience, I began to understand the part which the music hall plays in politics. It explained, for instance, how it was Milner was able to force us into the Boer War, and it cast a flood of illuminating light upon the secret of the colossal ineptitude displayed in South Africa. That was a Music-Hall War throughout. Our armies went forth to battle singing music-hall ditties, and it was directed and controlled from first to last in the genuine music-hall spirit. Jingoism is the ultimate product of the drivelling brain of the dregs of our people.—*Review of Reviews.*

* * *

Canadian Ideals

Healthy and intellectual pleasures are more and more unpopular the higher you go in Canadian society. The poor man enjoys his pipe and a political chat; the rich man prefers too often a pack of cards and a bottle, or perhaps a daring woman and a glass or two of wine.—*The Canadian Magazine, Toronto.*

* * *

Who Knows?

Who knows but that some day the management of Drury Lane will follow up the success initiated by real sheep, real cows, and real motor-cars by the still greater success consequent upon the production of a real play by a real dramatist!—JUNIUS JUNIOR in *Vanity Fair.*

* * *

Amusing London

London is the largest of the bloated modern cities; London is the smokiest; London is the dirtiest; London is, if you will, the most sombre; London is, if you will, the most miserable. But London is certainly the most amusing and the most amused. You may prove that we have the most tragedy; the fact remains that we have the most comedy, that we have the most farce.—G. K. CHESTERTON in *Illustrated London News.*

* * *

Defence of Singleness

The average mind is so clogged and choked with the false doctrines of proverbs and popular superstitions that otherwise clever men and women are unable to perceive that the state of single blessedness, even to the point of being left high and dry on the shelf, is a million times superior to a marriage of desperation.—Miss ANNESLEY KENEALY in the *Tribune.*

* * *

The Nu Speling

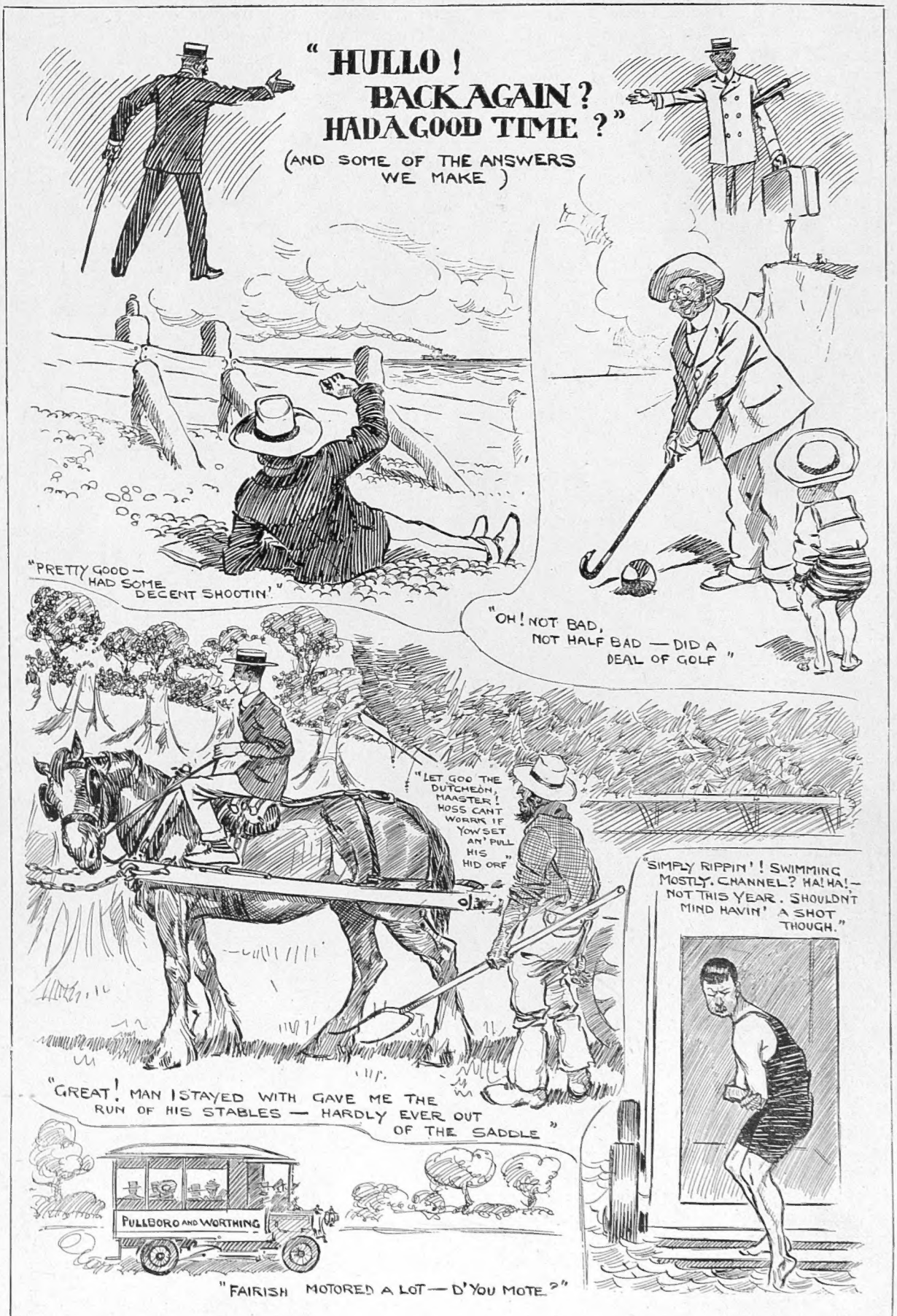
It is not enough that a few specialists have laid their heads together. For we have to remark that professors, millionaires, grammarians, and philologists, however capable or distinguished, are not entitled to monopolise decision and discussion on linguistic matters. Language and literature are living things, with the making of which the classes above named have little to do. It is their business to collate and explain the results achieved by other people.—*The Athenæum.*

* * *

The Actor's Advertisement Season

You may take it for granted that when an actor dabbles in death, or an actress is bothered by burglars, Fame is flying out of the window, and the Wolf is nozzling at the door.—FRANK RICHARDSON in *P. T. O.*

The Topictator



RACING NOTIONS

THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S ST. LEGER. By "CARBINE"

The Grosvenor "Yellow and Black"

There are certain racing colours which we always like to see in the van, among them the familiar Grosvenor "yellow and black." For one thing, we know that these colours are being raced just for love of the sport, without the slightest ulterior motive. For another, we realise that the support of the head of the powerful house of Grosvenor is a valuable asset to the Turf at large, and were that support to be, for any reason, withdrawn, the loss to racing would be immense. The late Duke of Westminster, one of the most immaculate sportsmen who ever breathed, was heard to declare on one occasion that he attributed any fame he had achieved in the social and sporting worlds almost entirely to his race-horses. Certainly the successes of Bend Or, Ormonde, Flying Fox, and other champions, made him one of the most-talked-of and popular men in England, and as the breeder and owner of those horses his fame will never be forgotten in the annals of the Turf. Fired by the memory of the great Ormonde and the others, the public is always ready to cheer a success from the Grosvenor colours, and the success of Troutbeck in the St. Leger was exceedingly well received. But a win for Keystone II. would surely have surpassed it in popularity. The "yellow and black" had been previously borne triumphantly in the St. Leger by Touchstone (1834), Launcelot (1840), Satirist (1841), Ormonde (1886), and Flying Fox (1899).

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Troutbeck, winner of the St. Leger (Stern up)

With the St. Leger the Duke of Westminster's horse won her ninth race this year, during her owner's absence at the Cape. The event is the fifth St. Leger won by the ducal colours "yellow and black"

A Sporting Duke

I think the Duke of Westminster, however, would much rather win the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase than the Derby, or any other race on the flat. For he is tremendously fond of hunting and 'chasing, and nothing pleases him more than to ride a winner over the "sticks." In the summer he devotes his energies mainly to polo, and is one of those enthusiasts who would gladly sacrifice a day at Ascot if he were down to play on the same afternoon at Ranelagh or elsewhere. Until the present season the young Duke had little encouragement on the flat. At the sale of the late Duke's horses they bought the wrong ones for him, allowing such a wonder as Sceptre to be lost to the stable. Bob Sievier beat the Duke's representatives. It couldn't be helped, perhaps; but it was annoying. So it was for the young Duke, when he won his first good race at Ascot, to see his horse disqualified for bumping and boring. But Troutbeck's fine performances should tend to destroy the memory of those early reverses. His Grace, with the sporting instinct deeply bred in him, dearly loves a good horse, and it is pretty safe to say that one of the first things he will do on returning to England will be to visit the St. Leger winner at Kingsclere, where the well-liked Willie Waugh has been doing so well.

Was Troutbeck Lucky to Win?

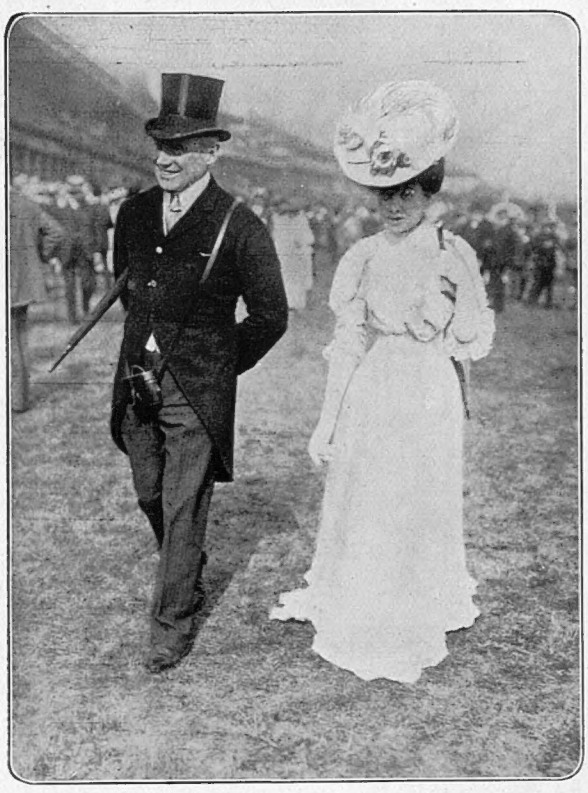
As one who watched the race closely, I must say that I think he was a little lucky. At the start he had a manifest advantage over the rest of the field, for he was on the move when the barrier went up. At the finish he was being rapidly collared by Prince William, whose rider found a lucky opening on the rails, and would have won in another four strides. Nevertheless, we have to take the result as it stands, and I should be very sorry to attempt to belittle the performance. It is stated that George Stern, the rider of Troutbeck, lost one of his stirrup-irons at the start, and did not get his foot in again until they reached the Red House. It is also said that the colt nearly fell during the race. These things were not observable from the stand, but if true they enhance the merit of Troutbeck's victory. For Keystone II.'s failure I have no excuse. Perhaps we have sadly overrated her. In any case, she was beaten fairly and squarely in the race. But I must express my opinion that she was not looking nearly so bonny in herself as when we saw her to such advantage at Epsom and Ascot.

Selections

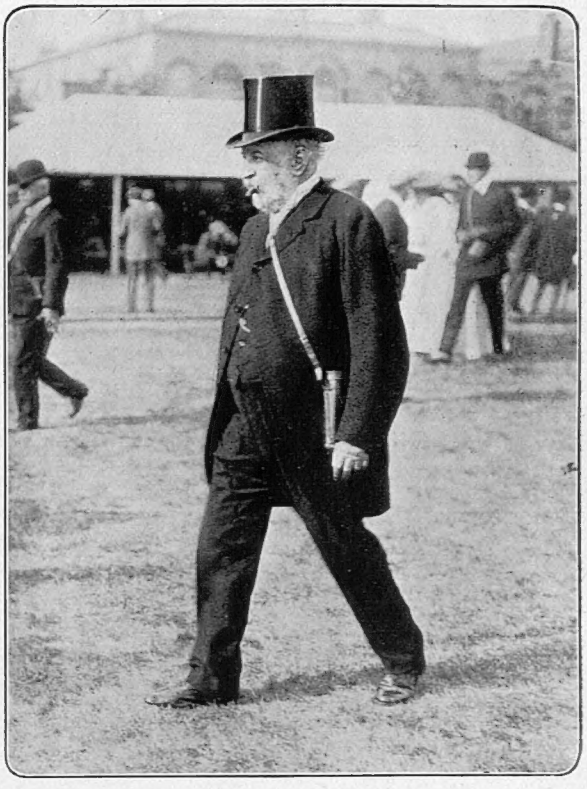
After Doncaster, it is comparatively a quiet week. At Ayr, the best meeting of the year in Scotland, I take **Flax Park** to win the Ayrshire Handicap on Thursday, and **Speculor** for the Gold Cup on the following day. For the Lancaster Nursery at Manchester on Friday, I fancy **Sweet Thrush.** On the following day will be run the valuable Prince Edward Handicap, for which I couple the unlucky **Best Light** with **Royal Dream.**

A Silk-Hatted St. Leger

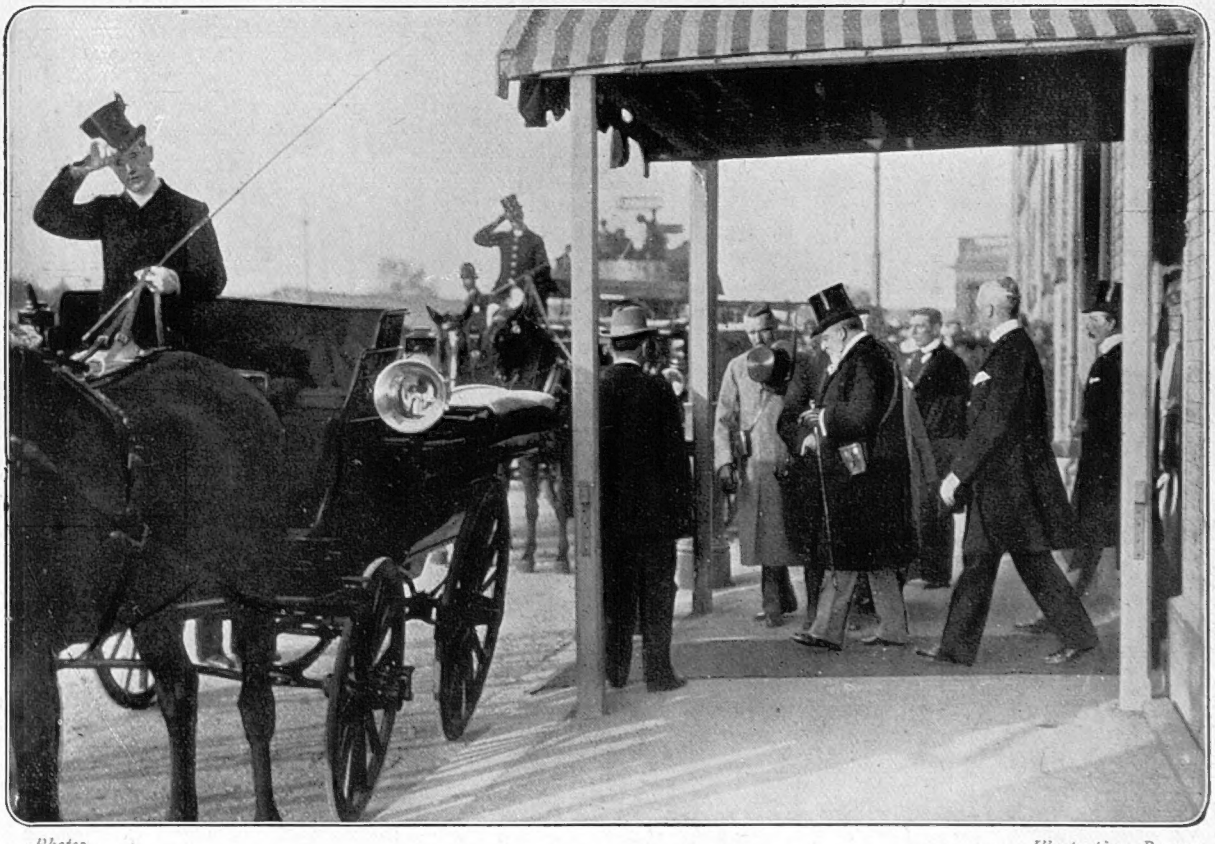
DONCASTER MORE SMARTLY GARBED THAN GOODWOOD!



Sir Charles Hartopp



Lord Rothschild



Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The King arrives at Doncaster

Doncaster, this year, furnished a sharp contrast to the last great race-meeting in the matter of male attire. While at "Glorious Goodwood," thanks to a hint from His Majesty, the formal "topper" was entirely discarded for a cooler headgear, at Doncaster (a much more democratic meeting than Goodwood) the silk hat was re-instated by the same Royal exemplar, and those who fondly prophesied its disappearance from enclosures may consider themselves snubbed

ROUND THE TOWN

The Compensations of Autumn

To judge by the general attitude of one's fellow creatures just now, the time of the "falling leaf and fading flower" is anything but a time of sadness. So far from any tendency to bewail the passing of summer, I notice a universal exuberance among all classes at the decline of that period of heat-waves, dusty roads, thick, dull-green foliage, and mingled stuffiness and stagnation. In the country, shooting, and its more robust successor, hunting, is heralded by the sportsman with a keen joy far in excess of the poet's morbid craving, earlier in the year, for Spring. People are glad to get back from their "cures," and to substitute the solid comfort of their country houses for the rush and tumble existence of the Continental hotel or the English seaside *pension*. October's keen, sharp mornings, its generally bright, cool days, its cosy evenings, its lovely gold-brown tints, and its sunsets are more than a compensation for summer's faded glories.

* * *

Autumn in Town

But in Town, autumn comes as a positive godsend to everybody. It is welcome to find re-opened theatres, an opera season at moderate prices, concerts, fancy-dress and other balls, restaurants full of natives of these isles, in place of the departed American, French, and German tourist, and a general air of bustle and activity about the town. Really, I do not remember a silly season that has been more sickeningly silly than that now entering on its dotage. Never, for years past, has there been such topics of living interest. The result of the last General Election left us without a political controversy of moment (save, perhaps, the very Long-Macdonnel affair). There has been no war, and not even a rumour of one. No Monarch and no Minister has enlivened the world with an indiscretion, no Anarchist with an assassination, and the Russian revolutionaries (save down at Baku) are more profoundly inept than ever. Instead of real doings, to interest us, we have had to endure an orgie of futile discussions and worked-up grievances. No matter how great and forcible the logic of the silly-season grumbler, I am never moved by his outpourings. For if they be as real as he says they are, why, oh why, does he only discover them in August and September, and not in all the other months of the year?

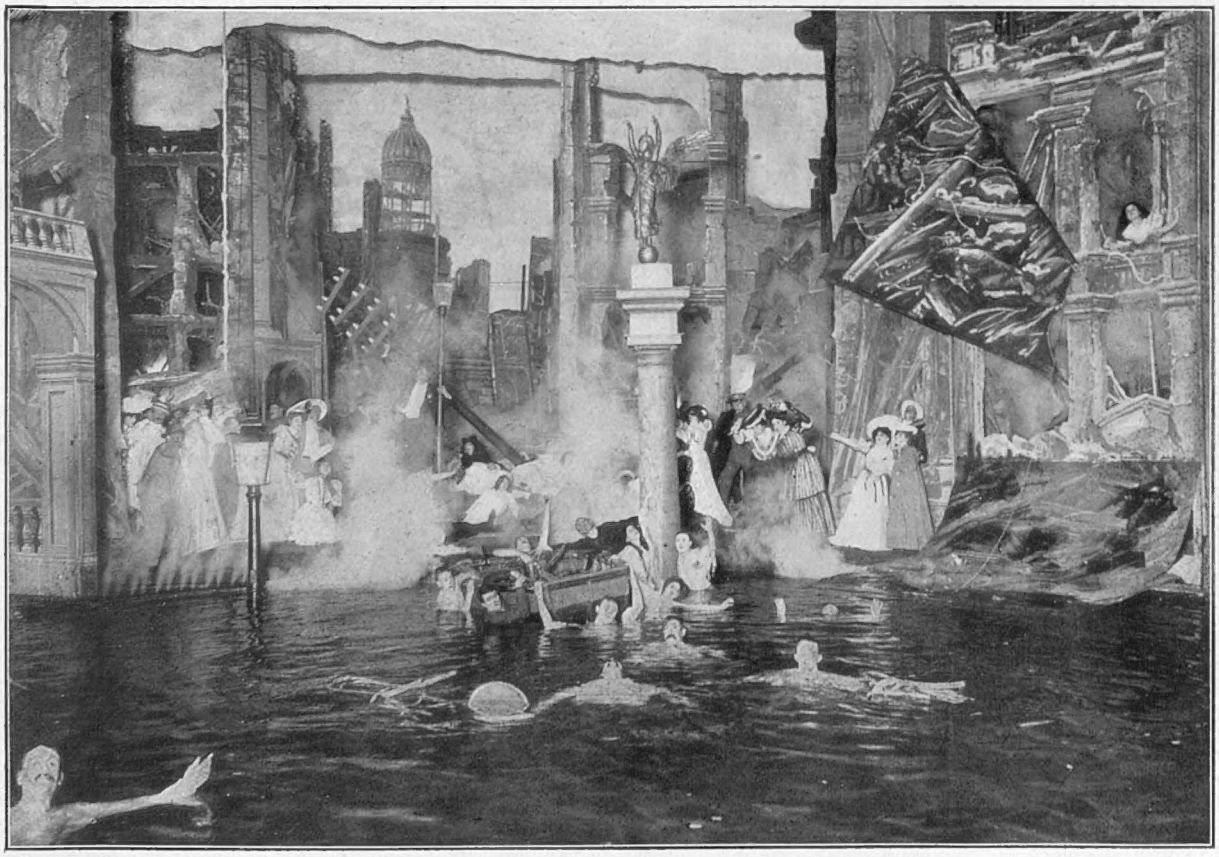


Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Realism on the Stage: The 'Frisco earthquake at the Hippodrome

In this ambitious production, a vivid idea is given of "what happens" to everybody and everything in an earthquake. A scene of revelry in the American city is interrupted by lightning flashes, thunder rolls, earth-trembles, followed by tottering buildings, fires, and a tidal wave, all of which combine to afford a fine variety of deaths to the shrieking (but immaculately attired) revellers

"Pollock's Pets"

RAW RECRUITS MADE TRAINED SOLDIERS IN SIX MONTHS

Photo *Park*

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

(1) Non-Commissioned officers after drill under Brigadier-General Donald

(2) Col. Pollock chats with a veteran spectator who was in his regiment forty years ago

(3) Inspection at the final parade before disbandment

"Pollock's Pets" are a great success. Six months ago the *Spectator* enlisted 100 men, taken from forty-two different callings, and subjected them to drill and an all-round military training. Last week they were disbanded, after drills and rifle practice before Brigadier-General Donald, and presented a long line of smart, stalwart soldiers, who are, Colonel Pollock claims, equal to any Line company in drill, and superior to any in tactics. The Colonel expressed the opinion that if the Militia were drawn from the "Pollock's Pets" class, 20 per cent. of the youth of the country would join it. Already nearly half of the men have arranged to enlist themselves in the Regular Army

Scots in Awe About Loch Awe

The Vandals in the Highlands

Those people who place beauty before profit should be thankful to the Marquess of Breadalbane, for he is using all his influence to prevent the erection of large electric works and a steel foundry on the shores of Loch Awe, in the West Highlands. Loch Awe, as everyone knows, is second in size and beauty only to Loch Lomond. It is beloved of Scots because on one side of the loch is the famous Pass of Brander, where Bruce fought one of his greatest fights, just where the Pass meets Loch Etineside. On the other, amidst scenery as soft and smiling as Brander is rugged, stands the Castle of Kilchurn, and the little chapel, on the adornment of which Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, has spent so much time and trouble. It contains many memorials of Queen Victoria, of Prince Leopold, and other members of the Royal family, and the wonderfully carved choir-stalls are the work of Captain Walter Campbell, Equerry to Queen Victoria, and life-long friend of Prince Leopold.

Photo *Mault and Fox*

The Marquess of Breadalbane

Whose efforts to prevent the building of electrical works on the banks of the beautiful Loch Awe, N.B., are being keenly applauded by Scotch nature-lovers

The Marquess and Marchioness of Breadalbane, of course, are famed for their love of the beautiful. When, some years ago, their Perthshire seat, Taymouth Castle, was being rebuilt, the Marchioness wanted to get a suitable Gaelic inscription for an organ which she was installing in the castle. Unable to think of one herself, she applied to John Campbell, the famous Gaelic bard, and he sent her, in Gaelic, an inscription which the Marchioness at once caused to be inscribed above her organ:

"The world will come to an end,
But love and music will endure always."

* * *

And in Wales

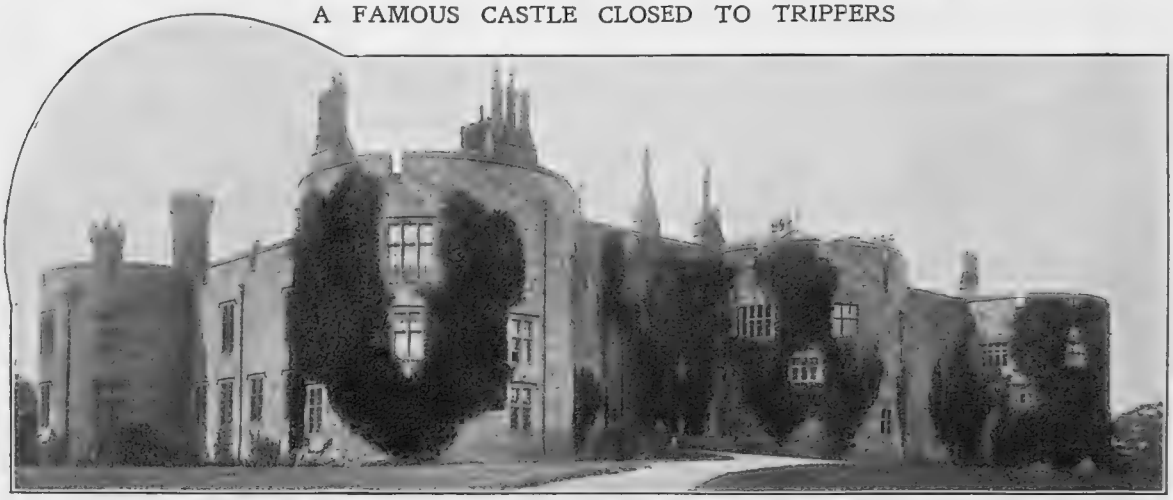
It is a regrettable fact that the holiday season never goes by without some tale of vandalism reaching one's ears. A treatise on the nature of the instinct which impels the Englishman of the lower classes to deal harmfully with a beautiful thing, for the simple and sole reason that it is not his personal property, would be as interesting as it would be novel. The latest and most serious complaint of vandalism comes from Chirk Castle, the seat of the Myddleton family in Denbighshire, which occupies the site of an old fortress called Castel-Crogan, and which was built in the days of Edward I. by Roger Mortimer. Built on a high hill, moated, castellated, and battlemented, no

Photo] **Loch Awe, which is in danger of spoliation by the building of electrical works** *[Frith*

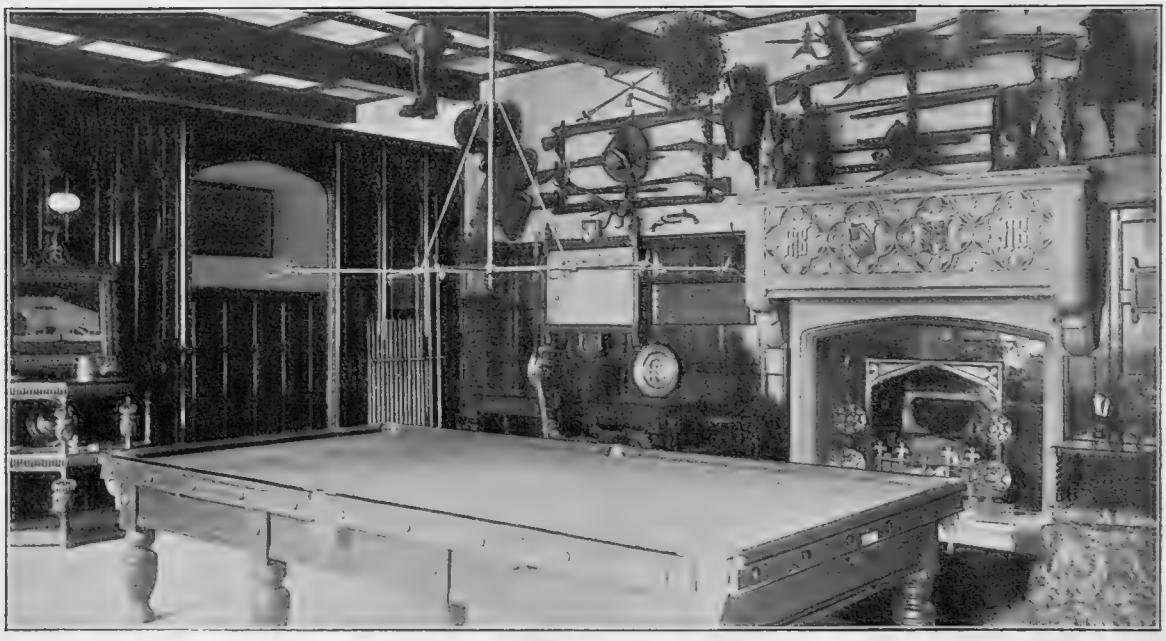
This lake, which is in the West Highlands, is second in size and beauty only to Loch Lomond, and the threat to establish an electrical factory on its banks is arousing all Scotland, which values the lake, among other things, by reason of its association with one of Bruce's greatest fights

Welsh in Woe About Chirk

A FAMOUS CASTLE CLOSED TO TRIPPERS



General View of the Castle



The Billiard Room

Photos] The Long Gallery [*Frith*

Views of Chirk Castle, Denbighshire, the seat of the Myddleton family, which is to be closed to the public because of the British tripper's little habit of taking things as he finds them. It occupies the site of an old fortress, called Castel-Crogan, built in the days of Edward I., and stands on a high hill commanding views of seventeen counties. Needless to say, the vandalism is not the work of the Welsh, who have the greatest reverence for their historic monuments

Three Men of the Moment

less than seventeen counties are surveyed by the eye as one stands on one of its walled-in spaces, or looks through its lancet-shaped windows. In the castle are some wonderful antiquities, one especially beautiful piece being an inlaid cabinet presented to one of the Myddletons by King Charles I. The vandals, however, have done their best to disfigure whatever they could get near—old walls as well as old gardens—and Mr. Myddleton, finding protest of little or no avail, is seriously considering closing both grounds and castle to the public. Mr. Myddleton, whose son and heir is married to the daughter of another Welsh landowner—Lady Violet Nevill, the daughter of Lord Abergavenny—is a Justice of Peace and a very popular man in North Wales. This vandalism, of course, is entirely attributed to the trippers who swarm into Wales during the summer and autumn. The Welsh people themselves are far too fond and proud of the historic castles of their country to harm them in any way, and, besides, vandalism is the one thing a real tripper really enjoys.

* * *

The New Italian Ambassador

The Marquis de San Giuliano will undoubtedly be a great addition to the diplomatic world of London. A man of travel and culture—he is a great student of Dante, and President of the Italian Geographical Society—the Marquis, though still a young man, has been for long one of the most prominent political figures in Italy. As a young Conservative Deputy, the Marquis showed great brilliance as an orator in the Italian Chamber, but it is of late years that the new Ambassador has diligently studied International politics. He wrote some articles some time ago on the results of observations made while travelling in Albania and Tripoli which attracted attention all over Europe.

* * *

His Excellency from Spain

Señor Don Wenceslav Ramurez de Villaurrutia, the new Spanish Ambassador to the Court of St. James, who will shortly arrive in England to succeed Señor Don Guis Polo de Bernabe, has had a distinguished diplomatic career. He speaks English fluently, and English people had an opportunity of making his acquaintance when, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the short-lived Villaverde Ministry, he was in attendance upon the King of Spain during His Majesty's visit to England in May last. His Excellency is nearly sixty years of age.

* * *

Servia and "Lord Belosh"

While on the subject of diplomats, the naïve satisfaction shown by the Servians at having once more in their midst a British Minister is really quite amusing. There has not, of course, been a British representative at Belgrade since Sir George Bonham, Minister under King Alexander, withdrew in 1903. Mr. Whitehead, who is the son of a torpedo manufacturer, was brought up at Fiume, and speaks South German and Russian like a native. He has been rechristened by the romantic Servians "Lord Belosh," and he is, under that pseudonym, already the hero of a hundred songs and ballads. A story of "Lord Belosh," which is at present in great vogue in Belgrade, represents that gentleman driving in a golden coach to present a letter from "the mighty Tsar of India" to King Peter. Arrived at the Palace gates, Lord Belosh demands to enter the Palace "other than by the way of the regicides," and his wish is acceded to, the officers (one would imagine, with some difficulty) finding a gate, through which no regicide had ever passed, for Britain's representative to drive through. Mr. Whitehead, who is married to a daughter of Lord Midleton, a sister of Mr. St. John Brodrick, and of Lady Peek, kissed hands before leaving for Belgrade, on board the Royal yacht, during Cowes Week.

Photo Elliott and Fry

The new Spanish Ambassador, Señor Don Wenceslav R. de Villaurrutia

Sir Bindon Blood, K.C.B., late Commander of the Punjab Forces

The new Italian Ambassador, the Marquis de San Giuliano

The Unrest in India

FAMOUS BENGAL GRANDEES WHO ARE LOYAL TO THE CROWN

Maharajah Bahadur, Sir Joteendro Mohur Tagore, K.C.S.I.

A remarkably gifted Bengali nobleman, who is the chief representative of the Tagore family, one of the oldest and most eminent in Calcutta

IN order to remind our readers that there is another side to the present Indian agitation, and another kind of Bengali than the Babu of the Banerjee type, we are publishing here five portraits of some of the best-known members of the Bengal nobility, whose wealth, brains, and influence, have been at the loyal service of the Crown in the past, and are confidently counted on by the Government in the future. Each of the gentlemen here shown possesses a magnificent record of service.

The Honble. Nawab Kwage Saliwalla, Bahadur of Dacca

Fifth principal chief of Bengal

Maharajah Sir Favneswar Prasad Singh, Bahadur of Gidhour

He is a K.C.I.E., member of the Bengal Legislative Council, a magistrate, and has been thanked by the Government for his distinguished services

Bijay Chand Mahtab, Maharajah of Burdwan

The wealthiest and most important of the great Bengal zamindaris, or landed proprietors

Moharaj Kumar Prodyot Kumar Tagore

Heir and adopted son of the Maharajah Sir J. Tagore (our first photograph above), who was honoured by an invitation to attend the Coronation of the King-Emperor in London

The Anglo-Indian View of the Unrest

The Retirement of Sir Bindon Blood

Indian appointments and resignations are noted just now with an interest and an amount of criticism which for long has not been vouchsafed them. One of Lord Kitchener's "good" men, Sir Bindon Blood, is shortly to retire under the age limit. A great campaigner, Sir Bindon Blood has been in command of the Northern Army of India since the termination of his services in South Africa during the Boer War. He is the proud possessor of almost every medal it has been possible for him to gain, and the history of his military prowess includes, amongst many other things, his service in Afghanistan under Lord Roberts, the Zulu War, Tel-el-Kebir, where he helped to rout the Mahdi, Chitral, where he was chief staff officer, and his command of the Malakand Field Force. Like his probable successor, Lieut.-General Sir O'Moore Creagh, who now commands the First Class District at Rawal Pindi, Sir Bindon Blood belongs to an old County Clare family. He is married to a daughter of Sir Auckland Colvin, and is sixty-four years old.

* * *

The Revolt Ridiculous

The reasons for the present unrest in India are so varied that it is hardly possible to point to one more than another as the chief cause. From a purely Anglo-Indian point of view, of course, the underlying causes which led up to the resignation of Sir Bampfylde Fuller are at the root of the present trouble. The Anglo-Indian's method of asserting British supremacy in India is an entirely different method to that advocated by some of our sentimentalist M.P.'s. Whichever method is right, at any rate it is certain that the slightest action of the Government, whether in a good or bad direction, has an immediate effect on the native in India. According to the man who lives there, and so thinks he ought to know, every concession to the native spells a step back to the home country in her supremacy over the Indian Empire.

* * *

Anglo-Indian Views

The Anglo-Indian, it must be confessed, is apt to see things from one side only, and that a rather narrow side. Hence his great indignation over the Fuller affair. To both Anglo-Indians and Home Government, however, one thing must be clear, and that is that the force of example, to the native, is more potent than any white man can imagine. The Government would do well, therefore, to make an example of some of the agitators, even if they are only puppets of tinsel and tin, and I am not sure but that hanging for conspiracy and sedition would not be rather a good thing for a change—and an example! Retribution should come down heavily and swiftly on these agitators. With a native, it is not a bit of good ignoring his peccadilloes, even though they are so trivial they are beneath our notice. If you don't punish him, he thinks you are afraid of him. And that is what he will begin to think in India if Mr. Morley does not live up to the hopes we had formed of him, put his foot down, make an example, and stop once and for all this petty sedition, which, unchecked, might and will have such vast consequences.

* * *

Mr. Courtenay Tracy

Who hunts one of the best packs of otter-hounds in the country. They recently killed a fine dog otter of 26 lb. after a sporting hunt near Dinton, and altogether have had a very successful season

The Otter-Hunting Season

Otter hunting has wound up in a perfect blaze of glory so far as the weather is concerned, and some of the best sport of all has been enjoyed in the bright days of early September. But fields have been appreciably smaller than earlier in the season, partridge shooting having proved a strong counter-attraction in many countries. Then, again, there has been cub-hunting in the early mornings, and now that the foxes are paying the toll, *entra vulgaris* is assured of a peaceful time ahead. Some of the keenest fox-hunters take a very active interest in the summer sport, and it is their proud boast that they are hunting all the year round. For example, Mr. Carnaby Forster used to hunt the otter in England and Ireland in the summer, and the fox in Herefordshire in the winter, besides managing a pack of harriers in Norfolk. Mr. Evan B. Jones is also able to write M.O.H. after his name as well as M.F.H., while Mr. Arthur Jones, who has been showing excellent sport during the past few months with the Northern Otter-hounds, is about to leave the Yorkshire rivers to take over his new duties as Master of the Worcestershire Foxhounds.

* * *

Various Packs and Their Records

On the whole, the otter season has been successful, with the exception, however, of the young Marchioness of Graham's pack, with which the season came unhappily to a premature conclusion in consequence of the sad death of the Master, Mr. Bertram Edwards. The Culmstock, the oldest otter hunt in the British Isles, have done particularly well, and up to the time of writing had accounted for rather more than thirty otters. These hounds are losing

The Last Otter Hunt of the Season

"The Kill"

The past otter season, which terminated last Saturday, has been a most successful one in all parts of the country, especially during the exceptionally fine weather at the beginning of this month

A Royal Residence for Wales?

the services of Mr. H. G. Thornton as Master, but they have secured another excellent sportsman, Mr. H. Welch-Thornton, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, to take his place. Certain packs have been woefully short of otters, although at starting they were known to be fairly numerous in the streams. One man, who came out with a North-country pack, recently confessed that he was employed to do nothing else but trap otters, and went into details as to how it was done; while other individuals, whom otter-hunters will not hesitate to call scoundrels, confessed to shooting and trapping a number of fine otters, which would have provided much good sport. Fortunately, in the Southern and Western counties, the otter is preserved in a very sporting way, and those who hunt owe a great deal to riparian owners and tenant farmers. One of the best packs is that hunted by Mr. Courtenay Tracy, and one day on the Nadder, recently, was remarkably good with these hounds. They spoke to the otter at Strong Copse, near Dinton Station, and aided by an excellent scent on the water, hunted him in rare style. Finally he was killed, and proved to be a fine dog weighing 26lb. This was a fair sample of the many good otters accounted for by Mr. Courtenay Tracy during this successful season.

Photo Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street

Lord Gerard

Married on Monday last to his first cousin, the daughter of the late Sir Martin Gosselin, H.B.M. Minister at Lisbon

A Royal Welsh Residence.

I suppose the next best thing to having a King is to have a castle where Royalty could be kept, if there were any to keep. I understand that Welshmen are extremely gratified that King Edward's scheme for the restoration of the beautiful old Castle of Carnarvon is at last in train to be carried out. At present, Sir John Puleston, the hereditary Constable of the Castle, is discussing ways and means with architects from the Office of Works, who have been sent down to Carnarvon by the King's request. It would, indeed, be quite fitting if His Majesty could find time to reside for a short period in the Castle, for his namesake and predecessor, Edward I., not only lived in the Castle, he also used it as a fortress. As a fortress, if one may judge from the massive appearance of its walls, even after the lapse of seven centuries, it must have been practically impregnable. It was at Carnarvon Castle, by the way, that the present Lord Mayor of London was lately installed as an Arch-Druid, and it was also in the courtyard of the Castle that a Sir John Puleston, of the days of King Edward III., was hanged by the neck until he died, a fate his descendant is hardly likely to share, even if he should fail in his task of restoration!

Photo **Carnarvon Castle** [*Frith*

The historic partial ruin, which it is said the King intends to restore as a Royal residence. Plans for its restoration are now being discussed between Sir John Puleston, the hereditary Constable of the Castle, and architects from the Office of Works. It has special claim to be a Royal residence, as it was in its precincts that was born the first Prince of Wales, the unhappy Edward II.

A Poet-Descended Peeress

The King at Rufford

The King's return to England, in splendid health and spirits, just when the delights of country-house visiting are at their zenith, reminds one that Rufford Abbey, the stately old Elizabethan house where, as the guest of Lord and Lady Savile, His Majesty stayed for Doncaster Week, is the only house, or almost the only house, where the ceremony which surrounds even such a jovial monarch as King Edward is really and truly relaxed. At Rufford, the King is treated just as an ordinary guest. It is usual, when the King forms one of a house-party, to station at any door through which His Majesty might pass a gorgeous flunkey to open it for him. But at Rufford these powdered minions are dispensed with.

* * *

Some Rules Rufford Waives

A few of the rules ordinarily observed in the houses visited by Royalty are, however, preserved even at Rufford. When cards are played, only freshly minted money is used at the Royal table. The Royal cup of after-dinner coffee is handed to His Majesty by his hostess, and, in the days when finger-bowls were thought necessary, the King was the only person present to be favoured with one. This, unless I am much mistaken, is an off-shoot of the old Highland custom of passing the glass over the water, when the loyal Jacobites were forbidden to toast their absent Prince, and had devised this method of defying the law.

* * *

Before Breakfast—Business!

At Rufford, His Majesty never breakfasts with the rest of the party. It is while laggard guests are languidly discussing toast, marmalade, and the day's racing that great affairs of State—the whole business of Monarchy in fact, not to speak of the destinies of a great country—are being rapidly transacted and disposed of above stairs. But, then, it is not all of us who are blessed with the King's delightful habit of being able to take a doze at any minute of the day, and under any circumstances. I do not know whether, like Herbert Spencer, he cultivates the practice of taking a small nap whenever he feels bored, but it is amusing to recall that, on the return of Mrs. Longworth to her native land, the papers told in detail how, in the very middle of that lady's conversation with the King, His Majesty had fallen gently asleep, even though the topic had been her distinguished father's daily round at White House—a subject one would think anything but conducive to somnolence.

Photo *Speaight*

A New Peeress: Lady Mary Milbanke

Who inherits the Barony of Wentworth by the death of her father, Lord Lovelace. She is a great-grand-daughter of Byron, from whom her title directly descends in the female line

Photo *Rodgers*

Miss Haldane

The sister of the Secretary of State for War, in her robes of an LL.D., which degree she lately received from St. Andrews

* * *

A Byronic Peeress

There are only two Catholic peeresses in their own right in England. One is little Lady Beaumont, and the other Lady Mary Milbanke, who, by the death of her father, the late Earl of Lovelace, inherits the Barony of Wentworth that came to him in the female line from Lord Byron. Of the late Lord Lovelace it was said that he knew everything it was possible to know about his grandfather, Lord Byron. Of the poet's daughter, on the other hand, the much-quoted "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," it was said that, at the age of eighteen, she had not read one single word of her father's poetry; a withholding of her birthright for which the current treatment of the "young person" was as much to blame as was Lady Byron, her mother.

Much of the new Lady Wentworth's childhood was spent with that most Byronic of the erstwhile Byronic youths of the 'fifties, her uncle, Mr. Blunt. Her aunt, Lady Anne Noel, had married Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and at Crabbet Park, their place in Sussex, some of the most interesting parties of the day took place. It is still the home of a famous stud of Arab horses, but its master is now in bad health. Lady Anne Blunt, a most interesting woman, though not given to poetry like her niece and her husband, is an artist of no mean ability, while Lady Wentworth, as befits the great-grand-daughter of a great poet, is literary and musical in a degree by no means amateur. She has published a volume of verses, and dedicated them to children. She lives with her grandmother, the Dowager Lady Lovelace, at Wherwell Priory, but I believe the Wentworth Barony carries with it a small property in Surrey, and this she would now inherit.

BYSTANDER.

PARIS Week by Week.

By FRANCES KEYZER

"Blue Diamond" Lessons

The story of the "ring mystery' will not easily be forgotten. It will be remembered if only for the ugly sidelight it throws on the mentality of our domestics. When that caustic author, Octave Mirbeau, wrote the journal of a lady's-maid, many people thought it exaggerated. Those who have followed the developments of the above case now think otherwise. The famous remark that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre* was considered so clever that it has never been forgotten. But it is not clever; it is foolish. If he who made this observation had reflected before he spoke, it would have struck him that it is not because the master is not great, but because the valet is small, and sees everything from a mean point of view.

* * *

Menial Meanness

When a scandal occurs, and the police have to be called in, the domestics are jubilant. They begin to feel their importance, and are eagerly waiting for the moment when they will be called as witnesses. And in their eagerness to speak and to avenge their little wrongs by soiling their master's or mistress's reputation, they tell their unclean stories to the interviewer. Let us pity the journalist who has to perform such duties to suit the taste of a depraved public. I defy anyone to read the interviews with M. Greger's maid, and with the valet, without being disgusted. Guilty or not guilty, M. Greger has not so far inspired us with much admiration, but since these two menials have poured out a stream of vilification the man has a claim on our sympathy. Listen to the valet: "Mme. Greger," he says, "is not as intelligent as her husband. It's a pity, but it can't be helped. My master is a queer type." Then, in a cynical way, he described the mental anguish M. Greger has undergone, and winds up with a few words of sarcastic pity. Probably, M. Greger suffered more from that fellow's pity than from all the attacks of his equals. The woman's venomous statements are in the same spirit. We cannot prevent our domestics sitting in judgment on us, but let us not re-echo their opinions in the Press.

Photo *Topical Agency*

General French at the French Manœuvres

The visit of the famous British General (standing at the right of the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld) to the French Military Manœuvres was keenly appreciated by the French as a delicate compliment to their Army, supposed to be the act of King Edward

* * *

General French and the French Generals

The manœuvres have come to an end, and have given thorough satisfaction all round. Despite adverse criticism in certain papers beyond the Rhine, there can be no doubt that the standard of efficiency of the French Army is higher than it ever was. But the all-important feature in this military spectacle was the presence of General French. No words of mine can express the delight the nation felt when they heard that this gallant officer was deputed by the British Government to represent it at the great manœuvres. The French are immensely proud of their army, and this honour paid to their soldiers created an impression that cannot be overrated. A commanding officer remarked to me: "We shrewdly suspect that the idea of sending over Sir John French originated with France's truest friend, King Edward. But no matter whether it emanates from His Majesty, or whether it was the action of the War Office, this compliment paid to us will go far towards tightening the bonds now existing between the two sister nations. If ever British and French soldiers have to meet when a battle of a more serious kind rages, may they stand back to back, staunch and true." I gladly reproduce this officer's exact words, because they represent the feeling aroused in the Army by General French's presence. One of our leading men of letters expressed it differently. "Le visite de Sir John French," said he, "était un beau geste de la part de nos amis les Anglais." "Un beau geste," that charming, typically French expression, is untranslatable. This is unfortunate, for it renders the idea to perfection.

* * *

Parisian Water Scares

At this time of the year, there is always an outcry about the drinking water. Parisians, returning from their holidays, are met with a warning that is none

The French Military Manœuvres

SCENES ON THE "BATTLEFIELD" AT COMPIEGNE

A "270" Mortar among unusual surroundings

This death-dealing piece of artillery is for firing heavy shells, and is fixed, as can be seen, at an angle of about 45 degrees, so that the shell may descend vertically

M. Etienne, the Minister for War, sighting a big gun

M. Etienne has followed each day's proceedings closely, accompanied by the members of the British Mission. General French especially complimented the Army on the excellence of the evolutions of its artillery

Photos *Topical Agency*

The Military Train used by the Minister for War and the members of the British Mission

On the invitation of the Government, General French and several other English officers have attended the manœuvres, which they have watched with great interest. With the exception of General Suarez y Gonzales from Spain, they were the only foreign military representatives present during the week

the less alarming because it is unofficial. Drink boiled water is the advice of the tormentor, for the raw article is pernicious, and will bring innumerable ills, fevers, and troubles generally. Bah! say you. It is always the same thing. The old wolf cry. But you, nevertheless, impress upon your family the necessity of boiling all the water for drinking or toilet purposes, and consider you have done your duty. But why he should be condemned to drink boiled water does not seem to trouble the Parisian. He accepts it as a natural consequence of a large city where millions of people abide — if he thinks of it at all. He has become accustomed to the never-varying refrain, and once more shrugs his shoulders. Why the Parisian does not revolt is more than I can say. The newspapers are full of articles on hygiene, but nobody seems to attach any importance to the great question of water.

* * *

The Distaste for Water

Water, it must be confessed, has little interest for Parisians. They fear to drink it, and they do not care to bathe in it. The Parisian does not bathe. There are baths in the populated districts, certainly, but who frequents them? The general population never enter the baths from one year to the other. Without there is a special occasion that calls for cleanliness, the people do not wash. They bathe on the eve of their wedding-day, or by order of the doctor. The chauffeur, the coal-heaver, the rag-picker, the mason, will spend a few sous on a bath, and spend them regularly; but the small clerk, the working man, the art student, the shopman, the *bourgeois* does not bathe. The fashionable Parisian has followed the English movement and takes his tub at home; the *bourgeois* has no consideration for fashion, and does as his father did before him—washes his face and hands, a little behind his ears, and the back of his neck. He looks clean enough when you see him at his desk, or behind his counter. His hair is oiled; he has shaved; his collar and cuffs and "front" are white. And he would be surprised and hurt if he imagined you thought otherwise.

* * *

The Sentimental Paris Juryman

The Paris juryman, that incomprehensible creature, has again distinguished himself. A husband, having killed his unfaithful wife, points the revolver at his own heart and wounds himself. The lady's lover, learning the catastrophe, commits suicide. The husband recovers, he is put on his trial, and the twelve men good and true acquit him, "*haut la main*," as they say here. Case number two is different. A gentleman has a mistress, who runs away from him. He fires three shots at her, and only wounds her slightly. She soon recovers, and is well and hearty when she appears in the witness-box. But in trying to put an end to his own silly life, the would-be murderer lodges a bullet in his side which cannot be extracted, and he has to crawl into the dock. Two years' imprisonment fall to his share. Must one infer from this that it is less risky to kill a woman than to wound her? Let us hope not. But a law ought to be framed to try all *crimes passionels* without the help of the Paris juryman, who is too sentimental to bring in a sound verdict.

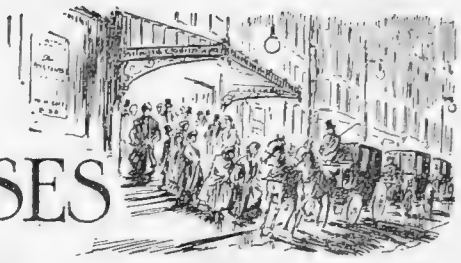
FRANCES KEYZER.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

"The Scapegrace" at the Duke of York's: Miss Pauline Chase as "Nan," the maid-of-all-work

This piece, which acts as a curtain-raiser to *Toddles*, is an adaptation without words by Mr. Albert Chevalier of the long-popular *Good-for-Nothing Nan*, the title-part of which was formerly taken by Nellie Farren and the present Lady Bancroft. Miss Pauline Chase makes a lively "Nan," and is equally vivacious scrubbing the floor, skipping, flouting the "man from the coal-shed," or "tittivating" herself before going out to pay the rent

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Haymarket Theatre

"THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S" AGAIN

The Haymarket opens its doors this season with a revival of that most successful revival, *The Man from Blankley's*. Not often does a twelve-year-old come to the post looking so fit. Mr. F. Anstey's gibe at the vulgarity and pretentiousness of certain aspiring members of the lower middle classes contains just that touch of vinegar which appears to act as a preservative of the play. Mr. and Mrs. Tidmarsh are types which make a strong bid for places among the immortals. Certainly, many a character from contemporary fiction is flaunting it in the goodly assembly with less claim than Mr. Anstey's vulgar little host and hostess. Rather should we say hostess and host, for Montague Tidmarsh is *the* stage hen-pecked husband. Mr. Weedon Grossmith plays the character with so fine a touch that there are moments when we forget the caricature, and would almost brush away a furtive tear for the miserable little wretch. Miss Fanny Brough is at her very best as Mrs. Tidmarsh. There is an iron set to her jaw which is irresistibly funny. Her mouth snaps on her shrewish remarks like a steel trap. And her cold smile of hatred upon the supposed hired man from Blankley's reminds one of a drear and desolate wintry scene. Then there is Mr. Charles Hawtrey, polished and imperturbable, Mr. Henry Kemble the very soul of unctuousness, and Mr. Arthur Playfair betraying fine scorn for the company over which he "buttles." What a comedy cast is this! Even if you crossed the water to the Continent I doubt whether you would find a superior company of players. (N.B. — This is not intended as an attack upon the English stage.)

Photo *Burford*

Miss Viola Tree

Who gambols very prettily through the part of Perdita in *The Winter's Tale* at His Majesty's Theatre

MR. KEBLE HOWARD'S CURTAIN-RAISER

The play is preceded by a curtain-raiser from the pen of Mr. Keble Howard, entitled *Compromising Martha*. Mr. Howard should feel gratified at the enthusiastic reception of his playlet. It is not often that a trifle of this harmless nature strikes such responsive chords in the breasts of an audience. The little love story of the curate and the young lady has been set forth at length in the papers. You will have learned how they met in old Martha's cottage, and whispered sweet somethings to each other while the dame was asleep; of their discovery; of how the old lady, enraged at the liberties taken with her cottage, was won over by the curate's kiss and by the young lady's pleading. Mr. Howard has used the stage for the exploitation of one of those unpretentious stories which we have learned to expect from him. No one can say that the characters, who so nearly compromised Martha, are not drawn from life. We have met Monica at garden-parties, and have played tennis with the curate. In real life, Monica and the curate will marry, and bring up more children than they can afford in a picturesque old rectory. Their lives will be an edification to their neighbours, and will afford a text for a homily upon the home life of England. On the stage, Monica and the curate seem out of their element. They become wishy-washy under the glare of the limelight. It seems to reveal their limitations. Their artless prattle strikes too familiar a note. To many, the theatre is a refuge from the commonplaces of Monica and the curate. They go to the theatre to find the excitement which they have derived neither from taking Monica down to dinner, nor from acquaintance with the aims and ideals of the curate. Whether characters on the stage be, in the moral sense, good, bad, or indifferent, it is essential that they be interesting. Mr. Howard has made a careful drawing from life, but he is as far from achieving a work of art as the ordinary student in an art school. His models are such that all can draw. Yet they are the most difficult models, in that they are so uninspiring. Only a master can draw them in a manner to arrest attention by his canvas.

The Gramophone Drama

Compromising Martha is an attempt to tell the simple love story of two commonplace types. The characters say pretty things in a natural manner. But a gramophone is not the best equipment for a dramatist. Till the crack of doom you may put real people to say real things upon the stage, yet fail to create even one clever stage character. *Compromising Martha* is a magazine story, which might tickle the easily aroused interest of a wide circle of readers. Told on the stage it is very small beer.

Waldorf Theatre

"MRS. TEMPLE'S TELEGRAM"

If the plot of *Mrs. Temple's Telegram* were set forth in print, the sophisticated playgoer—and all playgoers are sophisticated these days—would remark, "What old materials!" He would recognise as old friends the husband who spent the night at Earl's Court on a stationary Great Wheel, his companion a fair unknown (married). This playgoer would betray no surprise when the husband's friend impersonated a mythical John Brown, at whose house he had spent the night. Not one complication but this playgoer could foretell it down to the climax of this farce, the knowledge that the accommodating friend is the husband of the lady of the Great Wheel. For all that, *Mrs. Temple's Telegram* is quite amusing. The authors, Messrs. Frank Wyatt and William Morris must be congratulated upon the manner in which they have developed the humours of lying. While the piece rattles along on familiar lines, there is great ingenuity about the actual lies which the characters tell. One of the authors, Mr. Morris, appears in the play. It is fortunate for the play. The author-actor is a most refreshing person. He has that dry American manner which gives point to the most ordinary lines. Mr. Morris and Mr. Allan Aynesworth carried the farce on their shoulders. With methods quite dissimilar, they worked wonderfully together. If the farce succeeds it will be due to the cleverness of the cast. To Miss Sybil Carlisle fell one of those lachrymose rôles so common to farces of this order—the supposedly injured wife of the stay-away husband. When the actress was not indignant she was in tears. Miss Carlisle never faltered in her difficult task. A comic butler, who might have been painfully unfunny, was quite acceptable, owing to Mr. Victor Widdicombe's treatment of the character. Miss Frances Wetherall, too, handled very deftly a very perilous character.

Great interest attached to the first piece, *His Child*, by Messrs. Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce. These authors have already achieved success by their treatment of East End life upon the stage. In this play they have omitted the light tones. There is no relief to the grimness of the story. For all that, the scene between the two mothers—one married, the other, the girl her husband has cast off—is written with great power, and holds the audience from start to finish. Miss Haidée Wright gave a moving performance of the cast-off mother.

Adelphi Theatre

Lack of space last week precluded me from paying tribute to the fine acting to be seen in *Tristram and Iseult* at the Adelphi Theatre. The Adelphi company, without exception, are distinguished for the manner in which they wear their costumes and for their graceful diction.

Miss Lily Brayton has developed during the last few years a remarkable store of force. No part these days is too heavy for her. The only fault to be found with her delivery of the lines is that she is inclined to harp too much on one note.

Mr. Asche might very easily have forced the part of King Mark into undue prominence. He played with a fine sense of dignity and restraint. Mr. Matheson Lang, too, made the judicious rejoice by his moderate, almost modest, bearing as Tristram. E. C. S.

Photo] **The Wounded Tristram: Mr. Matheson Lang at the Adelphi Theatre** *[Ellis and Walery*

Tristram, suffering from a poisoned wound, is about to start for Ireland to be cured at the hands of Iseult, and to bring back the lady as the bride of his uncle, King Mark. Note the chipped sword, with which he slew Iseult's brother. Iseult's mother had retained the piece of sword left in her son's body, and, by this means, Tristram is identified as his slayer

AUTUMN THEATRE SEASON: NEW PLAYS

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram" at the Waldorf

Photos] **Mr. Allan Aynesworth** *(Jack Temple)* **Miss Sybil Carlisle** *(Mrs. Temple)* [*Dover Street Studios*

JACK TEMPLE: "Put me to the proof"

Mr. Temple arrives in the morning in his dress suit, having been out all night. The true explanation of his conduct—he had been a prisoner in the Big Wheel at Earl's Court all night—is rejected by his wife. So he is forced to invent a lie which shall have a more plausible ring even than the truth. He gets his friend, Frank Fuller, to masquerade as "John Brown," at whose riverside cottage he (Temple) had spent the night

Mr. William Morris *(Frank Fuller)* **Mr. Victor Widdicombe** *(The Butler)* **Miss Wetherall** *(Martha Brown)* **Miss Sybil Carlisle** *(Mrs. Temple)*

MARTHA: "My name is Mrs. Brown"

Complications of the usual farcical order arise when both the real John Brown and his wife appear. Mrs. Temple had sent John Brown a telegram asking him for corroboration of her husband's visit. In the scene above, "John Brown" is confronted with his supposed wife

"Tristram and Iseult" at the Ade

Photo

Mr. Chas. Rock (*Sir Andrea*)

Mr. Matheson Lang (*Tristram*)

THE DRAMATIC SCENE ON THE S

Iseult has journeyed to Cornwall, by the vessel *Swallow*, to be the bride of King Mark, under the escort of Sir Tristram, her real lover. During the journey the two lovers, intending to kill themselves, have partaken of a cup supposed to contain poison. It turns out to be a love-potion, and, instead of having the fatal effect desired, on At the critical moment in their re King Mark comes aboard to clai already famous to opera-goers in W

phi: King Mark Claims His Bride

Ellis and Walery

Mr. Oscar Asche (*King Mark*) Miss Lily Brayton (*Iseult*)

P AT THE END OF THE THIRD ACT

increases their passion for each other. ions, the ship arrives in Cornwall, and his bride. The "love-potion" scene is ner's *Tristan und Isolde*, but while, in the opera, it occurs in the first act, in the new Adelphi play it happens at the end of the third act, and is followed closely after by Mark's discovery of the lovers' secret meetings in the forest and in the killing of Tristram by Sir Andred. The play is in blank verse, and is by Mr. Comyns Carr

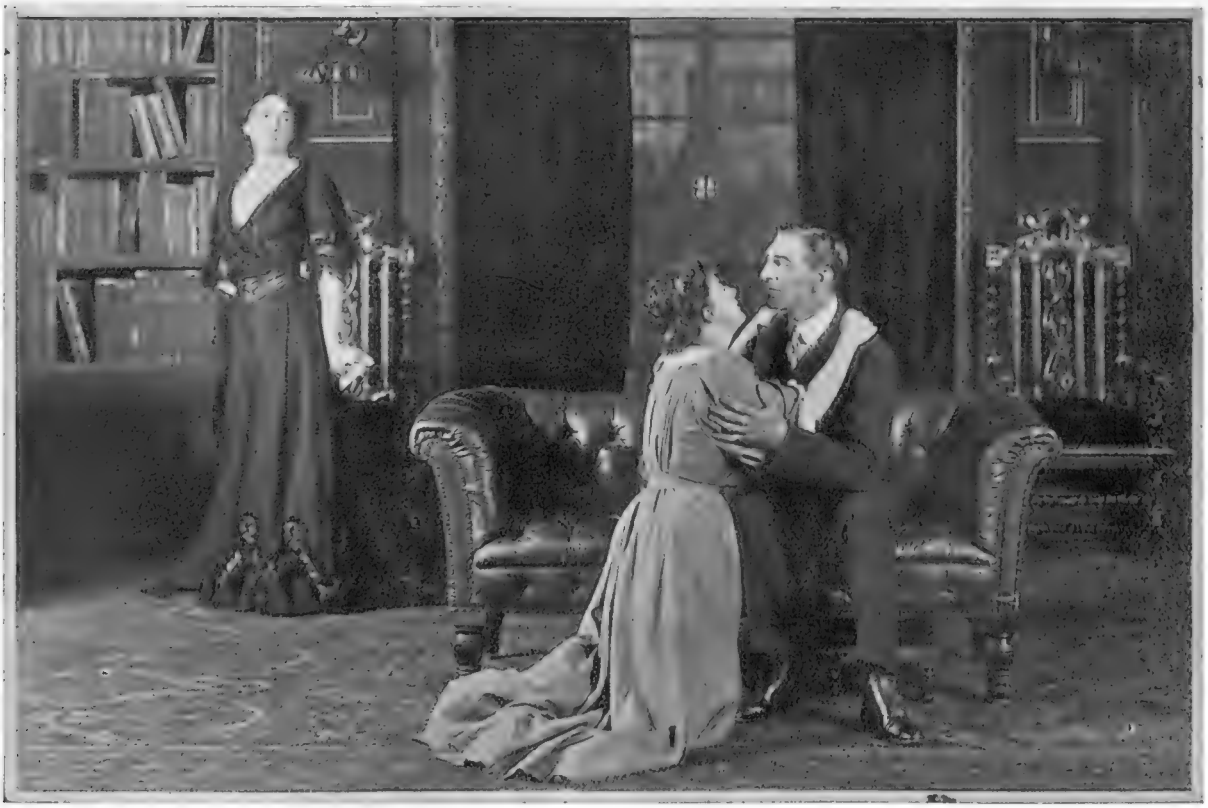
Not a "Notice"—Only Photos

OF THE "MORALS OF MARCUS" AT THE GARRICK, FROM THE FIRST NIGHT OF WHICH MR. BOURCHIER EXCLUDED THE PRESS

Mr. C. Aubrey Smith (*Sir Marcus Ordeyne*) (*Sebastian Pasquale*)

Miss Alexandra Carlisle (*Carlotta*) **Mr. Sydney Valentine** (*Hamdi Effendi*) **Miss Lillah McCarthy** (*Judith Mainwaring*)

Hamdi Effendi arrives to claim Carlotta as his wife, and to take her back to his *harem*, but is thwarted in his bold, bad purpose by Sir Marcus Ordeyne (whose "morals" in detaining the lady at his cottage in Surbiton are the problem of the play), and also by Sebastian Pasquale, who has, himself, a liking for Carlotta, which he afterwards proves by abducting her. The lady on the right (Mrs. Mainwaring) loves Sir Marcus, and wants Carlotta got out of the way



[*Photos*] **Miss Lillah McCarthy** (*Judith Mainwaring*) **Miss Alexandra Carlisle** (*Carlotta*) **Mr. C. Aubrey Smith** (*Sir Marcus Ordeyne*) [*Ellis and Walery*

Carlotta, having returned from Paris, where she had been given up for dead, Marcus proposes to her, and is accepted. Meanwhile, Judith, defeated, retreats noiselessly, and is seen no more

Worldly Short Story No. 41

WITHOUT REHEARSAL

By BERTRAM ATKEY

TO WORLDLY READERS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

What I have done I have done, repenting it nothing at all,
And I would do it again, though the lid of my life should fall—
But for all I have done, or would do, I cannot wholly restore,
And the shame of the theft and the brand of the thief is on me evermore.
Ah! Would I could build up anew, make as pure and as perfect and sweet,
The Youth I have well-nigh destroyed—or set back the swift-flying feet
Of the rapid, relentless years, or harness the hurrying hours,
That my love should live them again, as it were in a garden of flowers,
Guard her unwearying and save her—direct her and guide her aright . . .
Even I—who have wasted her beautiful years for my senile delight——"

From "The City of Beautiful Sin."

DAIN, the artist, brought his hand down upon the arm of his chair suddenly.

". . . And therefore," he said, as though in conclusion of an argument, "and *therefore* I am right when I say that no old man who marries a young woman—a girl—can reasonably expect to be happy. Why—it is not natural. And yet old fool after old fool does so—in the expectation——"

"'Ssh! Softly, man. There's Giscard!" said a companion.

Dain shrugged.

"Oh, he did not hear," he said—more quietly. They went on talking.

But Giscard had heard . . . and none knew better than Giscard that Dain was right. In one case, at least—in Giscard's case.

The old tragedian suddenly ceased to read—his eyes were still fixed upon the printed page of the evening paper he held, but he saw nothing. And his cigar tasted bitter in his mouth. He put it on an ash-tray, lit a cigarette, rose quietly, and went out of the club.

His breath came a little unevenly as he waited for his brougham to come up.

"Old fool after old fool!" he whispered gravely to himself. "True! True!" He coughed tremulously as he went down the steps—a frail old man, with a white, steady face. The liveried attendant—he, too, was an old man—watched the brougham roll silently away.

"He's growing old pretty quick now. Shows it. But it don't make much difference to his acting," muttered the servant, straightening himself in a quaint, short-lived, mechanical protest against the burden of his own increasing years.

Giscard sat in his brougham staring steadily at the little dim electric light opposite him.

"'No man can reasonably expect to be happy!'" he quoted. "Happy! . . . But I was—content. It suffices an old man to be content. There is no happiness in any case after sixty years. One lives upon the memory of past delights." He nodded sombrely. "Yes, that is all." But deep down in his heart Giscard knew otherwise. He smiled—a queer pathetic smile that was quite without mirth.

"And I dreamed that I was to enjoy again the passionate delight that only Youth can know! I dreamed. . . . ."

The light of the little lamp suddenly blurred and swam. But Giscard pulled himself together.

"Oh, indeed, I am old!" he muttered. "To hide in my carriage and cry because I cannot catch will-o'-the-wisps!"

"But I will blight the career of Percy Ormin. That, at the least." A pale pink tint crept across his ivory cheekbones as he whispered angrily to himself. "I—I am Giscard—and they all love me, and will do what I ask them—follow my hints. . . . I can do that so easily. And it is my right. . . ."

"What was my wife *doing?* Oh! I do not blame her—I lay no blame upon her for *this* deception. The one before is the graver. She said she loved me—old as I am. And it sounded true, God knows. I believed her. I—Giscard! So wise in women!"

He laughed—a harsh little cackle—and twined his fingers together.

"Yes—that was the graver wrong—to lie to an old man who may not live very long. It would have been better to have hurt me then in that way—than now in *this!* Adultery!" He quivered as he whispered it, the old tragedian, and sat numb for many minutes.

Next week will appear "How Tricotrin Saw London," by LEONARD MERRICK

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Then he stripped off his glove and looked at his lean, fleshless hand — clawlike, the inevitable hand of an aged person—and his eyes were very tragic. He watched how the thin, unbeautiful fingers trembled, lacking perfect control.

When he slowly drew on the glove he nodded quietly.

"No," he said, with a queer mingling of wistfulness and resignation in his voice, "I do not blame her—the little one. Only Ormin—the ingrate. And him I will ruin."

The brougham stopped outside his house. He sat for a moment before pulling the door-lever.

"But—not yet. No—not for a little while. When she knows I know, it will all be finished for me. Why—it will be like putting a wreath upon the grave of someone who has been always happy."

He got out of the brougham—slowly, slowly, slowly—a tired old man—very tired, very old, and very forlorn.

. . . . . .

A keen and sudden resentment flashed into Giscard's soul as he heard one utter his name from behind while he ascended the steps to his door. It was Ormin calling him. He waited for the other to come up, noting that his thin overcoat was open carelessly. The night air—it was late Spring—held no terrors for Ormin, thought the old man enviously, remembering the fur lining of his own overcoat.

"Is it you, Percy?" Giscard's voice gave up the ghost of a hint that it was late. Ormin understood—who knew each inflection of Giscard's wonderfully controlled voice better than the man who had learned most of his art from Giscard? But he ignored it.

"I have an idea, Giscard—a magnificent idea!" he said. "After your own heart. I am excited, and came on at once—impulse, anything. I wanted to talk about it. Give me a whisky and soda and let me tell you." He laughed gaily from the shadows at the foot of the steps.

"But, of course—if you are tired——"

"No, no," repudiated Giscard, jealously quick.

"Good." Ormin ran lightly up the steps—lithe and graceful as a great cat—and stood with the man who had made him.

They went in.

"Violet would like to hear your idea," said Giscard, casually. "She has not gone to bed."

Ormin's eyes burned in the dim hall.

"Ah! I am glad," he said.

"Come to my room, Percy. She will be there, I think." Ormin followed his host.

. . . . . .

As the two had met a hundred times before so they met now—smiling frankly, like good friends. There was added the merest hint of questioning surprise in the eyes of the woman, and a faint simulation of impetuous enthusiasm about the man. For the hour was very late.

"Percy has a splendid idea for a play," said Giscard, dropping into an easy chair with a sigh of content that spoke of his weariness.

"Yes? Tell us, Percy."

She was little, and very dainty, possessing a toy-like loveliness. Her steady eyes alone warned one that she was not weak. But they were so beautiful that many men did not see this. Percy Ormin *had* seen—it was the warning in her eyes that had challenged him in the beginning. And now there was no longer a warning in them—for him.

He told them his idea, walking about the room using his hands. There was nothing amazing about it, nothing world-shaking. It was just a good idea which would conform to the grotesque prejudices of most big actor-managers.

Giscard watched him as he moved, expounding. And the old man's lids dropped wearily as he realised how pitifully remote had been his chance of keeping his wife for himself when this man desired her. He was handsome, strong, virile—they were of an age—their temperaments, their tastes were on the same plane—oh! he had been mad, futile, fatuous, to hope.

He heard, perhaps, two words in every ten that Ormin spoke, but at times, when Ormin paused, he threw in, "That's good!" or "Excellent!" But all the time he brooded upon the other thing.

His wife watched Ormin with a terrible intent, as it seemed to the old actor. Her eyes clung to him—followed him about the room with the insistence of a man's shadow. Her lips were parted—"How scarlet they are!" thought Giscard.

Something intangible seemed to come into the room—riding on the air, invisible—and the faint stirring of its passage drew away as it were a sheet of some filmy substance that had been investing Giscard's brain, clogging it. And so Giscard suddenly saw clearly. Why, this story of a good notion was just—nothing. An excuse. Oh, clumsy—the clumsiness of it. In the ordinary way, Giscard remembered, he would have remained at his club for at least an hour longer than he had this night. But Percy Ormin would have arrived at the same time. So Giscard saw quite clearly.

"Why, of course," he said softly, "I see!"

It was little more than a whisper, but they both heard. His wife's lips closed quickly. And Ormin whitened, faltered, recommenced, stumbled again, and so ran to a lame, significant finish—"and so—it—er—works out in the usual way," he said, and sat down. There was a silence, for the telepathy of the thing was perfect. Giscard knew, and they all were aware that each of them realised he knew.

The room, the atmosphere, the whole world seemed, for Ormin and Giscard's wife, to be filled with one question—huge, magnificent, intolerable—"And now?"

And Giscard had his answer—his decision—ready. It had come to him quite swiftly—quite spontaneously. *He* it was who had made the mistake—the selfishness had been his. There was no blame—no blame, God knows—to his wife and Ormin. For him, an old man—about to die—to dare endeavour the possession of the youth of the girl who had sold it for the glamour of his name—the selfishness, the horrible, cold-blooded, calculating selfishness of it! To spoil, to mumble uselessly over like a toothless dog with a fragment of stolen flesh, to play foolishly with, the sweet youth of the girl—to rob her of all poetry, all romance. . . Why, it was ghoulish!

(*Continued on page 598*)

The King's Stay in the North

A PICTURESQUE VIEW IN THE GROUNDS OF RUFFORD ABBEY

The beautiful seat of Lord and Lady Savile, which has been honoured by a visit from His Majesty

During the Doncaster Week, the King has been the guest of Lord and Lady Savile at Rufford Abbey, Nottingham. Though the house is one of the most interesting in England, and has its own ghost, the great charm of the place lies in its beautiful wooded and watered grounds, and especially the Japanese garden

(*Continued from page 595*)

Giscard felt sick, sick.

But he pulled himself together and smiled.

"Yes, Percy," he said—his voice sounded strange "the idea is quite good." He dared not look at his wife, but he heard her sigh quickly, relievedly. "Let us talk it over."

"It sounds—splendid—Percy," said Giscard's wife, slowly, with an obvious effort. She rose, "But it is very late. I am going to bed. Good-night." She smiled upon the two men and went away, leaving Giscard and Ormin looking at each other.

"Your wife is a charming woman," said Ormin, smiling awry—as a man in pain may smile.

"Yes," agreed the great tragedian, gravely. A long silence. At last Giscard rose to his feet, and as by instinct Ormin rose also.

"I found this in her dressing-room—on the floor—to-night," said Giscard evenly. He began to read from a paper in his hand. He knew how to read, for he was Giscard.

Ormin's face was perfectly white, and he gripped the edge of the mantelpiece. The words fell from Giscard's lips beautifully clear-cut—like atoms of crystal.

"Look! You have burned me with your breath, and lulled me with your lips,
And with your dangerous scented hair have brought me to my ruin. . . ."

Giscard paused, as though skipping some part of the page. He picked it up farther down, and read steadily for a while:

". . . There is a man who holds you night by night,
But jealousy lairs not with me. I only turn
And say quite peaceably: 'He purchased her,'
And so can hold her body—that alone!
Her soul, her every waking thought, is mine,
Her laughter and her tears, her eyes' hot light,
Her perfect dreams, her very breath is mine;
All that she hath to give she long hath given. . . ."

"Don't go on!" said Ormin, queerly, "I—I can't stand it, you know." Giscard looked up and saw the pain in the eyes of the younger man. It brought him a cruel, overpowering feeling of nausea, so that he was compelled to cross the room and throw up the window. The cool night air came blowing in, shaking the curtains softly.

"My God, Percy, this is horrible—very horrible. I—I did not know the real thing was like this!"

Ormin gasped a little, turned away and put his arms upon the mantelpiece and dropped his head upon them. The old man went to him, put his hand upon his shoulder, and spoke brokenly.

"Would you destroy yourself utterly? Listen to me—listen to what I say, for it was meant—ordained—to come like this. I knew—I knew—deep down in my soul—all the time that you loved her. Only I hoped that something would crop up—another woman, perhaps." Drearily he smiled at his reflection in the mirror. "Oh! But I saw so plainly—but I did not have the courage to speak—to wipe out the happiness from your—our—lives. . . I suppose a man whose soul was not the soul of one who is—perhaps—a little above the average man, would have—killed people—or something like that. And, indeed, Percy, I meant you evil. . . . I ought not to have married her—so young and so beautiful and so frail as she is. The selfish vanity of an old man—a petted and spoilt old man. Yet I would have spoken—hinted—before, only I thought to myself, 'You are an old man, and you may die at any moment,' even as I may now. . . But now that we know all there is to know each one about the other, and things are—explained—and forgiven—it is necessary for you to part for a little while—just until I die." There were tears in his voice.

"Percy, you will become great—greater than I am—if you do not turn into any byway. And *this* is a byway. And every one of these you enter will cost you a fragment of your genius—every time you enter upon such a byway you will pay for it with an atom of that something which makes you what you are—what you will be. They are not so helpless—women—as the writers would have us believe—they levy toll. Toll that is no good to them—they filch from a man's soul—unconsciously. But the man loses, nevertheless. Avoid these byways. They are so many and alluring, but in the end they will lose for you all that is worth having in life, and leave you so low, so sunken, that you will lack even the soul to regret that which you have lost. . . . I have heard her crying softly at night. Save once, anger never entered into the question at all, for I have understood always. To-night I was angry for a little time—I overheard a man talking. But there was fear for you—and for her. And . . . I think I am glad that it has come at last."

Ormin lifted his head, staring straight before him. Giscard turned away and fumbled in a drawer.

"Go to America, Percy," he said. "Here are letters which will serve you"—he handed letters which only Giscard could have given—"stay there for two years—unless I die—and write to me very often. . . And now you must say 'Good-bye' to her."

He touched a bell, and sent word to his wife. She came down, young and pale and beautiful, clothed in a laced and silken dressing-gown, and her eyes were wide—wide and guilty and afraid.

"Percy is going to act in America for—two years . . . and he wants to say 'Good-bye' to you," said Giscard gently, and kissed her upon the forehead. "It is just settled that he ought to go, my dear," he whispered very softly, almost apologetically, turned away suddenly, went to the window, and stared down into the street.

Ormin took her into his arms.

"Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!" he said, like a man whispering in his sleep.

"Kiss me," she said, both arms round his neck.

At last Ormin stepped back drugged with that kiss.

She began to cry. Giscard turned to them, grey-faced. "How cold it is—the night air," he said, pitifully—and his voice was very flat.

"Good-bye, Percy—God bless you!" he reached out his hand. And behind Giscard's wife the door closed softly. For she too understood. It was only to wait—to wait patiently—for Giscard was an old man. . . He had said it—had explained.

BERTRAM ATKEY.

Here at the Gate Alone!

MISS EDNA MAY COMES INTO THE GARDEN OF HER COTTAGE, NEAR CROMER

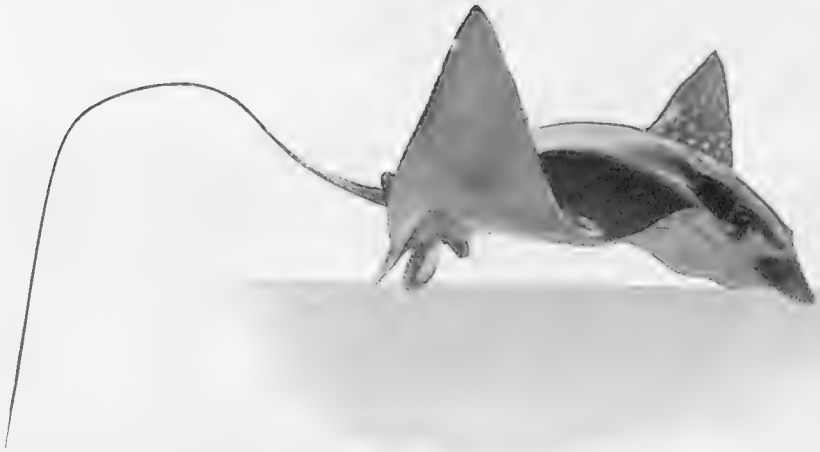
Photo *Bassano*

A photograph of the charming musical-comedienne *à la* Phyllis, taken during her recent holiday. Since this, Miss May has returned to the hub of the universe, and is agreeably flourishing in the title-rôle of *The Belle of Mayfair*

"Robinson Crusoe Ltd."

IV.

BATTLES WITH SEA MONSTERS



A 500 lb. whip ray leaping

A small specimen of this giant fish, which weigh anything up to 3,000 lb. Harpooning them is great sport, though should the ray charge at your boat, the impact is frightful. The noise of a ray striking the water after a jump can be heard a mile away

[*Being the fourth chapter of the true story of the experiences which befel a little party of worldlings—a fisherman ("Skipper"), his wife ("Cook"), his sister-in-law ("Kitchen-maid"), and the writer ("Scribe")—among the uninhabited islands of the Bahamas. They lead the Simple Life, and enjoy excellent fishing, their prey in many cases putting up the most determined fights.*]

A sail?

Awaiting the mail schooner to take us to the Berry Islands

We had been for nearly a month without communication with the outside world, so it was with no little excitement that we looked for the coming of His Majesty's mail schooner. Before setting out for the wilds we had arranged for her to come and pick us up on her return journey to Nassau from one of the Northern islands. We had exhausted the possibilities of our island, and longed for the fresh adventures which awaited us in the Berry Islands, some eighty miles away. One morning there was a northerly gale. We were slacking after breakfast, when we heard a shout from the skipper, who had gone to look out. We tumbled out of the "Dining Hall" to find a small schooner tacking aimlessly about in the heavy seas. It was His Majesty's mail, and we did not admire the way in which her captain handled her. While she rode out the storm, we set about moving camp, and by the time the gale had subsided, our boats were loaded up, and we were ready to go aboard. The *Converse*, for such was her name, presumably because she was the opposite of all a boat should have been, was clearly no credit to the Government which owned her. Her age could only be guessed at by a rough calculation of the years it takes iron eye-bolts to corrode level with the deck. Her condition can be arrived at approximately, too, by the fact that the cabin floor flooded every five hours unless the pump, the handle of which was constructed from the branch of a rotten tree, was manned at frequent intervals.

I pass over shortly the horrors of that trip to Berry Islands. The coloured captain was no seaman, and had it not been for Man Friday we should not have arrived at our destination. We were five days on the journey, and each night turning into the foul cabin, overrun with rats and cockroaches, was sufficient to turn the strongest stomach. We enjoyed varied experiences, from being in the doldrums to speeding in the teeth of a tropical storm. We drove ahead, and ten minutes after the storm had whipped up a sea of glass into fury, we saw a dense swirl of sand in the ship's wake. "Sand Bar," said the captain. "Obviously," we thought. A few minutes later came a shock, followed by the bump. Then bump, bump, bump, with clouds of sand astern. The captain endeavoured to put the vessel about, but she missed stays, and finally bumped herself free. During the next hour we tore along over several banks, and dashed into all. Finally, we anchored in deep water to leeward of one until the storm blew itself out, and the next day made the islands in a spanking breeze.

We resumed the ideal Simple Life, of which we had grown so fond, at Bond's Cay. It was a positive joy when the wretched *Converse* left us to our new uninhabited island. For us Bond's Cay was Paradise Enow. There were no flies at all, a condition of affairs which appeared almost too good to be true. In a beautiful cocoa-nut grove of large stately trees we pitched our tents—no longer fastened together to keep them from blowing away. We chose our own sites, each habitation of our little village being hidden away among the graceful palms. It is a picturesque little village on the borders of the bay. For miles to the Southwards are dotted small and large islands in water streaked with the deepest cobalt blue. Long before we had set our camp in order the kitchen-maid was agitating to go fishing in the beautiful coral fishing-ground at the entrance to the bay. We put the question to the skipper, but he was inexorable. Discipline was very well maintained among the members of "Robinson Crusoe Ltd."

"*ROBINSON CRUSOE LTD.*"

Fights with Furious Fish

After the big fight with a dolphin

The next day we set out on a regular expedition, and almost our first discovery was the handsomely mottled but terrible moray. It is a snake-like eel, and is very much dreaded by the natives of the Bahamas. This monster is not averse to leaving the water if so disposed, and travels on land at a considerable pace, with a side motion quite different from that of a snake or eel. We had heard many a yarn of the moray. How it had robbed a fisherman of one of his piles of fish as he lay them cleaned beside him. How it would snap at a hand carelessly trailing out of a boat and tear the flesh away.

The kitchen-maid discovered our moray, a fine big fellow, sticking out of a hole in the coral. Through our water-buckets we could see him quite plainly, although his green-gold hue was so similar to the marine growth all around him. He was stationary, except for an occasional champ of the jaws. Then the fun began. He was not at all averse to taking bait. As soon as the bait was dangled in front of his nose, he made a rush for it, and returned to his stronghold to swallow it at leisure. Once there, nothing could move him. That moray lived to fight another day. We never went out without paying him a visit. We all enjoyed the experience of having him on—then off again. Once a bait,

On hearing the boat approach, the basking turtle raised its head, too late to avoid the harpoon

"*ROBINSON CRUSOE LTD.*"

The Thrills of Ray-Hunting

In the "boudoir"

Examining the tattered remains of one's last pair of shoes. Note the beds, "wardrobe," dressing-table, and other evidences of luxury *à la* Crusoe

dropped in front of his cave, caused a free fight with a large crayfish, which, to our amazement, proved the victor, driving the moray backwards into its cave by a bayonet attack with its bristling feelers.

Finally, the capture of the moray fell to the cook. It was a notable piece of work, for not a spare foot of line could be allowed for fear of the sheltering coral. She bore the capture back in triumph. It weighed 90 lb.

But even this form of sport proved tame to the kitchen-maid, compared with harpooning. Experience in Florida had made her quite an expert. This is the *modus operandi*. I am told off for a hard row or punt up to the shallows, the hunting-ground of sting rays, which run up to 200 lb. After the prey had been fairly struck with a light harpoon, with rope attached, it would go off at top rate. And sometimes she would play them — or, rather, they would play her — for twenty minutes, the rope coiling round her legs and bruising her hands. She would hang on like grim death until the ray was tired, and then she would sit down in the boat and confess that she was very tired, too.

When you come to giant rays, which weigh anything up to 3,000 lb., the sport assumes heroic proportions. They will take you along the water for six miles or so at an alarming rate. They are game to the last. The skipper once enjoyed a stern chase for an hour. He turned over the rope to me, and I hauled in close while he seized his Winchester. Twice the giant ray made for the boat, and each time it received a bullet in it. At the third charge, the ray struck the boat so heavily from below that we lost our balance and collapsed entirely. Our prey followed this up with another charge amidships, which stove in the planks, fortunately above the water-line. On this occasion, the rifle missed fire, owing to a broken spring, and we were forced to cut loose, leaving the victory with our prey.

We had plenty of sport, too, with the different varieties of turtle—loggerheads, green, and hawksbill, from which latter tortoise-shell is made. They are usually seen basking on top of the water, for they come up for air once in twenty minutes, and remain above the surface for various periods up to ten minutes. They have to be approached with the utmost caution, as they are very easily scared. When within 30ft. of them a light harpoon is thrown, and the reptile is played gently by hand until it is forced again to rise for air; when a heavy harpoon is used, and it soon becomes sufficiently exhausted to be hauled into the boat. That is the time to look out, as it bites splinters out of everything, and would nip off a hand with ease.

(*TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK*)

A great spotted moray, very savage and active

A fine specimen of the snake-like eel, which travels with equal ease by sea or land, and is dreaded as both a murderer and a robber

Child Readers in Three Continents

"BYSTANDER EVERYWHERE" COMPETITION (SECOND SERIES)

(*For Full Particulars of this Competition, see page* xii)

Europe: A nymph caught bathing

Sent by Miss Ruth Gaussen, Howlands, Hatfield, Herts, who writes: "My picture, taken in Hertfordshire, is, of course, after the famous statue. The child is just four years old and rather shy"

Asia: Three Japanese street arabs

Mrs. F. O. Stuart, 112a, Bluff, Yokohama, Japan, says: "I am sending you a photograph of three Japanese children in Yokohama looking at THE BYSTANDER. They are typical little street arabs, though more picturesque than their London brothers and sisters"

Africa: A piccaninny reading circle

Photographed by Mr. H. W. James, Rietfontein, Parstland's Kloof, West Cradock, Cape Colony. He says: "This little group was taken on the farm at Rietfontein, and shows how even the little natives find pleasure in your paper"

FROM ABROAD

The Troubles in Russia and Persia

The Baku Outrage

Russia, as ever, continues to provide us with a fulness of sensational news to brighten the arid columns of the Press this silly season. Ever the scene of bloodshed shifts—one day, it is St. Petersburg, another Moscow, Warsaw, or the Southern Provinces. Baku, last week, contributed the sensation of the hour, and a British official was the victim of the latest Anarchic outrage. Mr. Leslie Urquhart, the British Vice-Consul in the famous town of oil, has lately become almost a character of romance. Only a year ago, his offices were bombarded by the revolutionaries of Baku, without harm to himself, while now the news has come that he was attacked in the middle of the town and fired at eight times while unarmed. Though wounded in six places, the stalwart Vice-Consul fought his assailants hand to hand, and escaped himself without serious injury. Mr. Urquhart was largely responsible for the settlement of the recent strike troubles, and has, accordingly, earned the bitter enmity of the workmen, who have retaliated in this ghastly manner. All of which seems to show that the less a British Consul concerns himself with the disputes, largely political, between Russian workmen and their employers the better, no matter how noble his motives.

In Russia: Mr. Leslie Urquhart

The British Vice-Consul at Baku, who, for the second time, has been murderously attacked by the mob, and has only narrowly escaped with his life

* * *

Persia

Shah Muzaffer-ed-Din continues to prove himself a more enlightened ruler than his brother autocrat, Tsar Nicholas. He has at last signed the Reforms Ordinance for which Teheran has been clamouring so loudly, and dismissed the reactionary Grand Vizier Ain-ed-Dowleh. Business has, as a result, been resumed in Persia, which is now tranquil. Our photograph depicts the Shah with his sons and some courtiers. The visit of the "King of Kings," the "Shadow of God," the "Centre of the Universe," etc., etc., to Europe last year, and his peculiar methods of enjoying himself in Paris, are still fresh in public memory.

In Persia: The Shah and his sons

The Persian autocrat has recently signed the Reforms Ordinance granting a Constitution to Persia, and has dismissed his Grand Vizier, much to the delight of his subjects

Mountaineering by Rail

The track alongside the River Visp, on the Viege-Zermatt Railway

Zermatt is the great tourist centre, and during the season it is always crowded. The sensation of climbing in a funicular along the bank of a glacier stream, rushing and tumbling downward from the mountains, is extremely fascinating. There is scarcely a mountain of any importance nowadays which the genius of engineering has not conquered. Funiculars take one up the Jungfrau, the Gornergrat, Pilatus, the Rigi, Scheidegg, and numerous other mountains

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"Charles Dickens." By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen: 7s. 6d. net.)
"The House of Islam." By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Methuen: 6s.)
"The Comedy of Age." By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall: 6s.)
"My Experiences of the Island of Cyprus." (Skeffington: 6s.)
"Annals of Covent Garden Theatre." By H. Saxe Wyndham. 2 vols. (Chatto and Windus: 21s.)

Mr. Hichens' Latest Confection

A romance in which the man definitely loves the woman because—well, because he loves her, nobody in his senses would expect from Mr. Robert Hichens. Anything normal in emotional relationship he cannot abide, and his perpetual pains to find "substitutes" resemble nothing so much as those of the man who cannot eat butter, and who has to ring the changes at every breakfast on jam, marmalade, and potted meat. Canned or potted emotion is preassured in a Hichens book, and *The Call of the Blood* (Methuen: 6s.) will disappoint nobody. Like every other book by the author (since he has ceased to be humorous), it has an emotional "theory" as its *raison d'être*.

Mr. Robert Hichens

Whose new book, "The Call of the Blood" (Methuen: 6s.), may (or may not) be read with delight by his numerous admirers

Will Blood Out?

Mr. Hichens would contend that there is something in "blood" which will out. An English-bred man, whose grandmother was Sicilian, will probably himself be "half-Sicilized." Only take him to Sicily and let him mix with Sicilians, hear their pastorales, drink their wines, dance their tarantella, fish in their channels, and roam their mountains—well, then, he will become Sicilian, too, in his emotions, and as one consequence be a little faithless in his *amours*. And thus, Maurice Delarey, spending his honeymoon with Hermione, his wife, falls so hopelessly under the spell of the Sicilian influence that he devotes the greater part of his days (*and* nights) during that blissful period, revelling with the peasantry (especially one youth named Gaspare, who is his inseparable) in various pastimes. As Delarey has been but a passive lover of Hermione from the first, she, after the fashion of a Hichens lady, having married him for his beauty, nobody is surprised at these early attempts to free himself from the incubus of fidelity to her. What does, however, seem a little odd is that Hermione herself, noting the effect of the "call of the blood" on her husband, should think it wise to leave him during the honeymoon by going over and nursing a pallid literary person named Artois, who is lying tediously ill in Tunis. Of course, during her absence Delarey grows more and more Sicilian, until he compromises himself dangerously with a peasant girl named Maddalina, and as a result, incurs the murderous displeasure of her outraged parent. So much for the story. Its ample Sicilian local colour and the descriptions make it, of course, readable. But a more unconvincing couple than Delarey and Hermione surely never came from the pen of fiction. To tell the truth, Mr. Hichens, in his anxiety to be unusual, and to exploit some new and piquant emotional theory, forgets that it is also his duty to make his characters of human interest, and as a result, *The Call of the Blood* is, apart from its mere descriptive qualities, a most unsatisfactory piece of work, by no means to be compared with "Felix" and some of his earlier stories.

Fun for the Brothers Benson

"When I first heard," writes Mr. Frank Harris in *John Bull*, "that the life of Walter Pater was to be written by Mr. A. C. Benson, I was rather amused; there is a grotesque incongruity in the mere coupling of the names. Mr. Benson has learned a great deal since he wrote 'Dodo,' that amusing skit on Smart Society." It is good to know that Mr. Harris is amused, but his mirth will be as nothing compared with that of Mr. A. C. Benson himself, when that worthy Fellow of Magdalene, Cambridge, and ex-Master at Eton, learns that he actually wrote "Dodo." Another person, too, who will smile, will be his brother, Mr. E. F. Benson, who has, until now, been credited with that amusing feat.

A New 'Varsity Novel

It is to be hoped, of course, that the Mr. Benson who really did write "Dodo" has learnt as much as Mr. Harris supposes; but whether this be so or not, I do not know of any more readable books from his pen than that famous *brochure* and its charming successor, *The Babe, B.A.* Mention of this work, however, brings me back to strict business. A reminder comes in this week of the change that has come over the "'Varsity" spirit since that trivial pleasantry was written. It is contained in *The Comedy of Age* (Chapman and Hall: 6*s.*), the second novel of the clever young author of *The Bending of a Twig*, Mr. Desmond Coke. In place of the inconsequent and slightly feminine type of youth which populated the pages of *The Babe*, Mr. Coke gives as its successor the severe, morose, athletic breed. The chief figure, Ernan Lane, who typifies the Oxford "man" of to-day, is the antithesis of the frivolous "Babe." His Spartan habits and Grecian visage arouse the interest of the elderly Don, Radford, a recluse of hopelessly classical habit of mind, and contempt for modernity, who sees in Lane the god-like Homeric species, and worships him accordingly. In his newly aroused appreciation of youth, he associates himself with undergraduates, attends their revels, and seeks to be at one with them. He discovers, however, that Lane, his divinity, is but human, and not so Spartan as he looks, and realises also that there was some force in the Shakespearean dictum of that about the incompatibility of youth and crabbed age. That is his tragedy, though for some secret reason Mr. Coke calls it "comedy."

Dickens Apotheosized by G. K. C.

Those who chafed at the announcement of a life of Charles Dickens by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, fearing lest that amusing paradoxist and verbal contortionist should play irreverent pranks with the memory of a great artist, may be reassured now that the work itself is before us (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Of course, the author has not allowed to slip so gorgeous an opportunity for letting off a new blaze of dialectical squibs, rockets, and Catherine wheels. These abound, and lovers of the lesser Chesterton pyrotechnics are quite assured of a good "benefit." The "set-piece," however, if I may continue in firework phraseology—the central picture of Dickens, as designed, erected, and set afire by this wonder-worker in critical coruscation—is never marred by these lesser crackers. On the contrary, the presentation only gains by its setting. Mr. Chesterton, in fact, gives us an astoundingly powerful and sympathetic impression of Dickens — he creates Dickens as a man almost with the surety that Dickens himself created Pecksniff, Toots, or Squeers. We are made to see a Dickens apotheosized. Drawing largely on his imagination, Mr. Chesterton sees in Dickens the creator of dream-people, the arch-legendist of the nineteenth century.

> The sentiment of the grotesqueness of the universe ran through Dickens's brain and body like the mad blood of the elves. He saw all his streets in fantastic perspectives, he saw all his cockney villas as top-heavy and wild, he saw every man's nose twice as big as it was, and every man's eyes like saucers. . . . Pickwick (he says, in another illustration of this fantastic view of its creator) was a fairy . . . . the fairy prince; the Ulysses of comedy; the half human and half elfin creature—human enough to wander, human enough to wonder, but still sustained with that merry fatalism that is natural to immortal beings.

The crux of the criticism, if crux there be, is to be seen in these sentences. To quote more would be futile, for the only judicious quote from this masterful piece of fantastic criticism would be the book itself. I must, therefore, content myself with repeating that the author, despite liberal indulgence in some of his conceits, leaves in the mind a strikingly ideal and whimsical view of the great novelist which is certain to dwarf all criticisms before and after, so far as originality and literary force are concerned. There is only one fear that I have, and that is that the superficial person of the future will find Mr. Chesterton's view of Dickens so forcible, and withal so admirably pleasant and easy to adopt, that he will content himself with it, and will not trouble to read the original.

Extending the British Museum

A view of corridor containing some of the files of newspapers which have been transferred from Bloomsbury to Hendon. Note the up-to-date trolley with pneumatic tyres to facilitate the traffic in tomes!

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

An Over-friendly Sun

When the thermometer is only just recovering from a severe bout of excessive heat, it seems a pain and labour even to write about any game whatever. Football, oh ye gods! had to begin on the 1st, and thousands of unhappy mortals all over the country were forced to run about after the ball under the rays of a pitiless and blazing sun. Tennis tournaments provided another form of entrance examination for Hanwell, and throughout the country the sturdy and obstinate Briton refused to alter his usual sports at the behest of a bursting and over-friendly sun.

A Temperate Topic

To me, personally, the thought of even golf in such torrid conditions was abhorrent, and I cannot even bear to write about the doings of perspiring golfers, whoever and wherever they may be. Under such conditions, it pleases me better to take some abstract topic and gently discourse about it, neither inflicting heat on my reader or myself. For to-day's gentle excursion I have chosen a queer fact in golf, which may or may not have struck others beside myself. Part of Rule 2 of the Rules of Golf lays it down that "the side which wins a hole shall have the honour at the next teeing ground." There is no option about the matter. If you win a hole, you have to strike off first at the next tee. Now, has it occurred to you that throughout the green your one endeavour is to make your adversary play the odd? You like to see him play his second shot before you play yours, and also his other shots as you proceed towards the hole. Presumably, therefore, there is some advantage in seeing what he does with his shot before you execute yours.

H. H. Barker, winner of the Irish Championship

Barker, who showed splendid form all through the contest, beat J. S. Worthington, the Irish Champion in 1904, by 6 holes up and 4 to play

A Paradox

I leave out of consideration, for the purposes of my argument, the fact that his having to play first means that your ball is nearer the hole than his, and I take cases where the difference in the length of the shots is only a few yards. There are, of course, occasions when the shot of one player may have so far outdistanced that of the other that the advantage of proximity to the hole is plain and undeniable. But there are countless occasions when tee shots, approach shots, and putts are almost equidistant, and on all these occasions your consuming anxiety is to be a shade nearer the hole so that you may see the result of your adversary's playing of the odd before you deliver the like. Yet when you come to the next tee shot, whichever of you has won the preceding hole must take the honour. Now, there are many occasions when the winner of the hole would prefer to forego his honour and let his adversary play first. I take it that the possession of the honour is a small extra reward for winning a hole. Why not, therefore, make the taking of the honour optional instead of imperative?

An Optional "Honour"

There are many holes where it would be a distinct advantage to let your adversary play before you. There may be an out-of-bounds danger or a long hazard to carry, and you would prefer to see how your adversary dealt with these difficulties, so as to shape your stroke according to the success or failure of his tee-shot. Yet at present you have no option whatever, but have to strike off first, and are, therefore, through having won the preceding hole, in an inferior mental position to your adversary. I have often pondered over this seeming paradox in the rules, and cannot see any valid reason against making the honour at the tee optional for the winner of the preceding hole. Such an alteration, while very slight, would yet introduce an added element of thinking into the game, and anything which fortifies the brain-power of the game has my warm support. Perhaps some other writer on the game will give us his views on this point. I should be interested to hear how the suggested "optional" honour strikes the average player.

Ernest Lehmann

Toy Dogs No Longer!

"MINIATURE BULLDOGS" ON SHOW AT WESTMINSTER

Mrs. Edgar Waterlow's Nuthurst Doctor
First, Open Class, and Champion

Bouledogues Francais
Mrs. Theo. Becker's Jules Plavia, 1st Champion

Some interesting points were noted at the show of the London Bulldog Society at the Horticultural Hall last week. For one thing, the name of the dogs is no longer to be "toy" dogs, but "miniature bulldogs," the reason being that they are, from various causes, getting nearer the true bulldog type. The specimen above (Nuthurst Doctor) is sufficiently convincing as a case in point. Mrs. Waterlow's fine exhibit possesses the full, round chest of the ideal bulldog. A change, too, has come in the matter of ears. The "bat ear," which had been developed by "toy" bulldogs, thanks to their being bred so largely in France, has now, after the liberal introduction of English blood, developed into the crumpled ear of the English bulldog. The above two photographs illustrate the difference between the two kinds of ears.

Judging the Special Novice Class

Lawn-Tennis Season Ends: Hythe Tournament

The experiment of changing the date of the Hythe Tournament to the week which has hitherto had the exclusive title of "Eastbourne Week" was a bold one, but it was justified in the result, for last week's gathering was so much the most successful of the three that have been held so far, that many regular tournament players present were heard to aver that there had not been a more enjoyable meeting throughout the whole season. This year, the entry of lady players, though large, was comparatively weak, and Miss C. M. Wilson, who has remained faithful to the tournament from its inception, had no difficulty in winning the Ladies' Cup for the third time in succession; but there was a strong entry of men, of whom the two best were A. W. Gore and M. J. G. Ritchie. They met in the final for the Men's Cup, and what would have been a very interesting match was spoilt by the fact that Ritchie, who was suffering from the effects of a chill, was unable to last for more than three sets, and retired with the score at two sets to one against him. Gore was not quite at his best, either in this match or in the final of the Doubles, in which F. W. Goldberg and T. M. Mavrogordato—the latter playing very finely—took a set off him and Ritchie. But with these two exceptions Gore was in great form, the ground being just suited to his play, and the fact that he came through to the final of the first-class handicap owing 30.2 and giving starts up to 15.3 speaks for itself.

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

The approaching balloon race

Three of the British competitors, Professor Huntingdon (left), Mr. Frank Hedges Butler (centre), and the Hon. C. S. Rolls (right), for the Gordon Bennett Race, which will take place from Paris on Sept. 30.

At Eastbourne

At Eastbourne the entries were again, of course, colossal in point of numbers, though, among the men, at any rate, there was rather a falling off in the matter of "class," and it seemed quite funny not to find the names of S. H. Smith and Frank Riseley on the programme. By Saturday last only the two Singles' Championships and the two veterans' events had been finished. A. F. Wilding was the victor in the Men's Singles; after beating both Hillyard and E. R. Allen he met and rather easily defeated R. J. McNair in the final. Miss Douglass, as was expected, won the Ladies' Singles, but she had to struggle to do it, and lost a set both to Mrs. Sterry and Miss Morton. These, however, are the only two sets that she has lost throughout the season. At the time of going to press the remaining events were unfinished, for the tournament (as usual) has run on into a second week, and further comment upon it is, therefore, impossible at present.

The U.S. Championships

I was very glad to see that Beals Wright was well enough to defend his title, both in the Singles and Doubles' Championships, and that he and his partner, Holcombe Ward, managed to retain the Doubles. The news of his defeat in the Singles hardly comes as a surprise, for the accident which prevented his playing in England this year (though he pluckily came over with the rest of the American team) resulted in such a stiff dose of blood-poisoning that had he not been in the best of condition as well as constitutionally sound at the time, things might have gone very hard with him indeed. As it was, he got off with the loss of a finger; but even so, the effects of blood-poisoning are not easily got rid of, and the doctors in New York, when he got back, affirmed that he could not hope to recover his true form until next year owing to the strain upon his system. Details of his defeat by W. J. Clothier are not yet forthcoming, but it must be quite evident that Clothier has "come on" since he was last in England. The fact that he got as far as the challenge round shows that much. He was not able to join the team which came to England this year, though he would undoubtedly have been chosen had he been at liberty. Last year he was fourth string in the team, of which the other three members were Wright, Ward, and Larned, and his services were not required in the International, except as a substitute for Ward in the second round of the Singles, when

England had already won the rubber. He then played S. H. Smith, and was somewhat easily beaten; while in the All-England Championship, he lost a five-set match to A. F. Wilding. In the U.S. Championship he was beaten in "three straight" by Wright in the ante-penultimate round.

The Balloon Race

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, seeking new fields for the financial encouragement of sport, has now come out as the pioneer patron of balloon-racing. On Sunday week, the 30th inst., will be initiated the Gordon Bennett Balloon Race. It will start from the Tuileries Garden in Paris, and twenty-one balloons are entered. The first prize is a challenge cup value £500, and other prizes in cash to the same value. The British contestants are those well-known aeronauts, Professor Huntingdon, Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, and the Hon. C. S. Rolls, in three different balloons, the "Zephyr," the "City of London," and the "Britannia."

An Echo of the Past

The match between Kent, as champion county, and the Rest of England has been an occasion of pure delight to all the dear old gentlemen who are apt to bore the younger generation (and even, one would think, each other) with apocryphal anecdotes of Fuller Pitch and Alfred Mynn and the other giants of the South in days gone by. In ordinary years the occasion for the trotting-out of this store of reminiscences is not so pertinent, since Yorkshire or Lancashire have been the counties to whom the honour of taking on the "Rest" has fallen since the revival of the match a few years ago; but now, with Surrey still at a little below the excellence of her play five to ten years since (though now no longer suffering so heavily from a plethora of captains), Kent has come to the rescue of the Southerners, and by the steadiness of her veteran players (veteran in the sense of having been some years in the side only, for nearly all her players are young), and the brilliance of her colts, restored the glories of the past to Southern cricket, and filled the pavilion at the Oval with the masters of anecdotage as aforesaid, the "local colour" of whose reminiscences is more concerned with Sussex, Surrey, Kent, and Hampshire than with the Northerners and Midlanders.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A. F. Wilding at Eastbourne

A. F. Wilding, the young New Zealander, who has "come on" more than any other player since last year, has wound up the season (during which he is said to have won well over £300 worth of prizes) by winning the South of England Championship at Eastbourne

Photo *Lavis, Eastbourne*

Lawn Tennis at Eastbourne

Grant and Westfall playing the Brothers Allen in the semi-final of the Gentlemen's Open Doubles. The match was won by the Allens (6—4, 6—3)

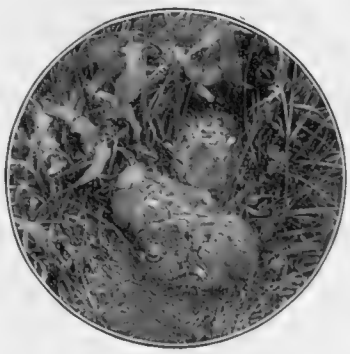
More Reflections from the Moors

HUMAN AND OTHER HINDRANCES TO SERIOUS SHOOTING

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Ladies in the Shooting Field

I wonder if ladies ever realise that, charming as their presence undoubtedly is at shooting luncheons, their absence, when shooting recommences after lunch, is desirable. I always notice that men who have ladies to keep them company in the butts never shoot so well as when alone. The fact of the matter is, ladies *will* chatter, and it is certain that, if a man also chatters, his attention is bound to be distracted from his work, and his shooting then suffers. Then, also, one must remember that "game can hear and game can see," and, therefore, birds soon get their heads up, as they are quick to hear, especially the high tones of a woman's voice. That lady whose heart is really in sport, and not in the mere desire to be near her "best boy," knows how to keep quiet, and sit well down out of the gunner's way. She will carefully mark down all his birds, and so help to find them speedily when the pick-up commences. I have no word to say against this kind of lady, but as regards the others—well, the nearer they are to home and the further from my particular butt the better I like it. I believe the King and Prince of Wales are now discouraging the presence of ladies in the butts.



"Babies"

Young leverets in long grass in the park at Hengrave Hall, Bury St. Edmunds

Why Men Miss

There are several reasons which will account for misses, though there is one in particular which nine times out of ten is the cause. I speak now of the man who knows something about shooting. Of course, a man cannot hope to shoot well unless his gun fits him to begin with. This is a desirable point to find out, and men should, therefore, get their gunmakers to test the fit, and other points necessary as accessories to good shooting. But even then this is only an aid, and one must not suppose that because one's gun fits, one is bound to be

Photos] **Sport in Yorkshire: The morning's bag** *[Leonard Willoughby*

The head keeper counting the results of a morning's shoot at Mr. Macdonald Bosville's estate, Thorpe Hall, Bridlington.

Mr. L. Willoughby (the author) Mr. Bosville, Jr. Mr. A. Macdonald Bosville Head Keeper Major Dunlop

even a passable shot. It is indisputably the fact that when game is missed, it is nearly always due to the fact that the gunner is shooting *behind*. I mean by this that he is not shooting nearly enough in front of his bird. I would advise those who find their shooting poor to try giving birds a little more space. Take, for instance, a bird flying from left to right in front of one at, say, twenty-five to thirty yards. Let the gun follow the bird for a moment, *i.e.*, swing with it for a few yards, remembering that one must swing slightly faster than the bird flies. When the muzzle of the gun is just in front of the bird, and while *continuing the swing*, pull the trigger. It is the swing which compensates for the time occupied in the shot leaving the gun and reaching the bird. Many men will poke their guns at the place where they think the shot will exactly catch a bird, and without swinging. If this is done, the allowance they must make in front of the bird will be treble that of the allowance made when swinging. But even when swinging, it is fatal to stop the swing until the shot is fired, for one is then bound to shoot behind, and at most only prick or wound.

"A bird in hand"
A baby pheasant, one day old

The Spreading of Shot

It must be remembered that shot as it leaves the gun spreads in two ways. It spreads in width, whilst it also forms a column in length. Thus there is a distance between the leading pellets and the last ones. If, then, men will only shoot well in front of their birds, they will get a far better chance of killing, for even if the leading pellets have passed the bird, there are the hind ones following, and any one of these striking the head will kill the bird instantly. If one watches our crack shots, it is noticeable how differently their birds fall from those shot by indifferent shots. In the first case, a bird's head drops and it falls to the ground, collapsed, dead, and unmutilated. In the latter case, the wretched bird is shot well behind, it may fall to the ground in a fluttering way, and struggle its existence slowly out; or it may go flying on, never to be recovered, but certain to die sooner or later.

Crackenthorpe Cake

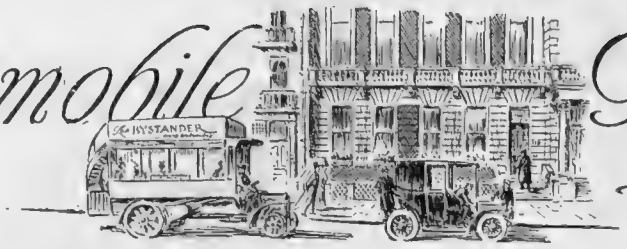
An excellent luncheon cake for shooting parties is one known as the Crackenthorpe recipe. It is not very well known, except in some places in the North of England. I give the recipe, as hosts may like to try it:—1¼lb. of flour, 6oz. of butter, 4oz. of moist sugar, 3oz. of mixed peel, 4oz. of stoned raisins, 4oz. of sultanas, half a teaspoonful of spice, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and three eggs. Rub the butter well into the flour, then add the other ingredients. Mix with either butter milk or skim milk. Bake two hours.

Photos *Leonard Willoughby*

A pleasing interval

An *al fresco* lunch in a farmyard at a partridge shoot on Mr. Macdonald Bosville's land at Thorpe Hall, Bridlington

Automobile Topics.



Edited by DOUGLAS MILLER

Tourist Trophy Preparations

At the moment of writing, that section of the motor world which is concerned in the manufacture and disposal of automobiles is very largely interested in preparing for the second annual competition known as the Tourist Trophy Race, which is to be decided in the Isle of Man on Thursday, September 27. There are two other sections of the community almost equally interested in our principal motor-meeting of the year—the great purchasing public, composed of prospective "cornerers" of output and private users of automobiles, and the inhabitants of Mona's Isle. These last-named worthy folk know that they will reap a golden harvest from the influx of visitors to their beautiful island "set in a silver sea," and are enlarging their barns and sharpening their shears accordingly. Motor purchasers and speculators are awaiting the result of the struggle for indication of the types of car which must be considered the best of their class for the coming season, it being postulated always that the fittest survive the ordeal most successfully. Now let us see what the manufacturers on their side are doing. So far as the prosperity of Manxland is concerned, they will invade the island with the usual army of mechanics, chauffeurs, tyre repairers, and camp-followers generally, and it goes without saying that whatever honour or glory may be gained by individuals, the industry, as a whole, will pay tribute to the extent of many thousands of pounds. On the other hand, the prize at stake is well worth some sacrifice and effort. Those in a position to know assure me that the value of a win in the "T.T." race to the firm whose car comes out on top may be appraised at anything over £50,000, and I am not disposed to dispute the statement. The popularity of the Arrol-Johnston car, which won last year, and the Rolls-Royce, which ran a good second, have not in the interim suffered any diminution, and as both makes are engaged this year, it may be taken for granted that the directors of these enterprises consider the game worth the candle. Cars will be started from Quarter Bridge, near Douglas, at intervals of one minute, from nine o'clock on the morning of September 27, and required to make four circuits of rather over forty miles—in all about 163 miles—at their best speed, on an allowance of petrol based on presumed ability to travel twenty-five miles to the gallon. Weight of engine, frame, and body, which must be of ordinary touring type, will be carefully taken beforehand, and as the course is distinctly "up hill and down dale"—the cars reaching an altitude of 1,400 ft. on Snaefell—it will be seen that the conditions are somewhat exacting. Any petrol remaining in the tank when a car has finished the full course will be measured and credited in the award, but the principal factor to ensure success will be speed, which may be said to include the essentials of reliability and strength.

How the Automobile Association works

Secretary Stenson Cooke "tuning up" patrols on the Brighton Road. Note the intentional absence of the familiar "A A" badge from the car—a 15 h.-p. Darracq

* * *

Some of the Competitors

As mentioned last week, forty-nine cars have been entered this year as against fifty-eight last season, but there is every probability that the starters to-morrow week will outnumber those of twelve months ago. Non-starters then numbered sixteen, of which only three makes have been re-entered, the Deasy, the Star, and Gladiator. Of eighteen cars which were able to finish in the first contest, six have not been entered for this, while the newcomers include Berliet, Pipe, Climax, Metallurgique, Vici, S.C.A.R., and Florentine examples, from among which may come any "dark horse" destined to create a surprise. It is notable that there is this year a considerable increase of engine size all round, while, with but one or two exceptions, an average brake horse-power of 18·5 is well maintained, the chief exceptions being the Metallurgique, having 40 b.h.-p., and the Pipe with 36. Vertical engines are universal, with the sole exception of the Arrol-Johnston car, which, as when it won a year ago, is fitted with a two-cylinder horizontal engine, with four pistons, the dimensions being:—bore 120·6 mm., stroke 165 mm., with a normal engine speed of 800 r.p.m. Should this type

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(BYSTANDER, 19/9/06.)

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again prove successful, there will be some fluttering in the garages of the great majority. What, however, is of much greater importance to the ordinary motorist is the question how closely the competing vehicles compare with the standard models of the various makers. In this connection I shall have more to say when I have taken the opportunity to inspect the competing cars. Meantime, I may remark that such departures from "standard" practice as differentiation of drive, increased number of forward speeds, wire wheels, and very low bodies, may be observed by the large number of interested spectators who will, doubtless, assemble in Manxland to view the contest.

* * *

"Graphic" Cup Competition

On the day following the race for the Tourist Trophy, *The Graphic* Cup is to be competed for over the five miles of give-and-take road lying between Quarter Bridge and Santon. There are a couple of fairly steep ascents on the route, known as Pulrose and Richmond Hills, whereafter comes a fairly fast three-mile stretch, from which a good view of the race may be obtained. Cars may be of any horse-power, but must not have competed in any recognised race in the years 1903 to 1906 inclusive. I hope to give a list of entries in THE BYSTANDER next week.

* * *

Emancipation Day

Wednesday, November 14, being the tenth anniversary of the famous run to Brighton in celebration of the passing of the Light Locomotives on Highways Act, is to be known as Emancipation Day, and signalised by demonstrations and dinners in the various automobile centres throughout the country. As the date approximates so closely to that devoted to the inaugural procession of London's new Lord Mayor, Metropolitan motorists might arrange to bring off a double event, and give the good citizens an idea of the rapid strides made by automobilism in the last decade. In this connection, I note that the authorities have allotted the registration letters LN to the London County Council for use when LC 9999 has been reached. The present rate of increase of motor vehicles in the Metropolitan area is calculated at close upon 5,000 per annum.

* * *

Miscellanea

After much discussion, Blackpool Corporation has sanctioned the holding of a motor race meeting on the Promenade during the second week in October. Efforts are being made to induce some of the leading Continental people to come over, and most of the prominent racers in this country will compete. The meeting will be held under the rules of the A.C.G.B. and I.—Full information concerning arrangements made in Manxland for the convenience of visitors at the end of the month, as well as particulars of railway and steam-packet services, may be had from the Manx Press Bureau, 2, Coronation Chambers, Douglas, or 27, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. — From personal observation, I can speak in terms of the highest praise of the Wagner Electric Motor-Horn, which is sounded by pressing a button on the steering wheel. Its note is piercing and resonant, yet distinctly musical, and the advantage of being able to give warning without removing the hand from the wheel speaks for itself.—Mr. Harvey Du Cros, Jun., has joined the Board of the Austin Co.—Great activity is being exercised by the police on the Brighton Road, particularly over the "switchback," and a mile below Handcross Hill on the way down from London.—Dunlop tyres scored well in the *Coupe du "Matin"* reliability run, five of the seven unpenalised cars being shod with the well-known non-skids.

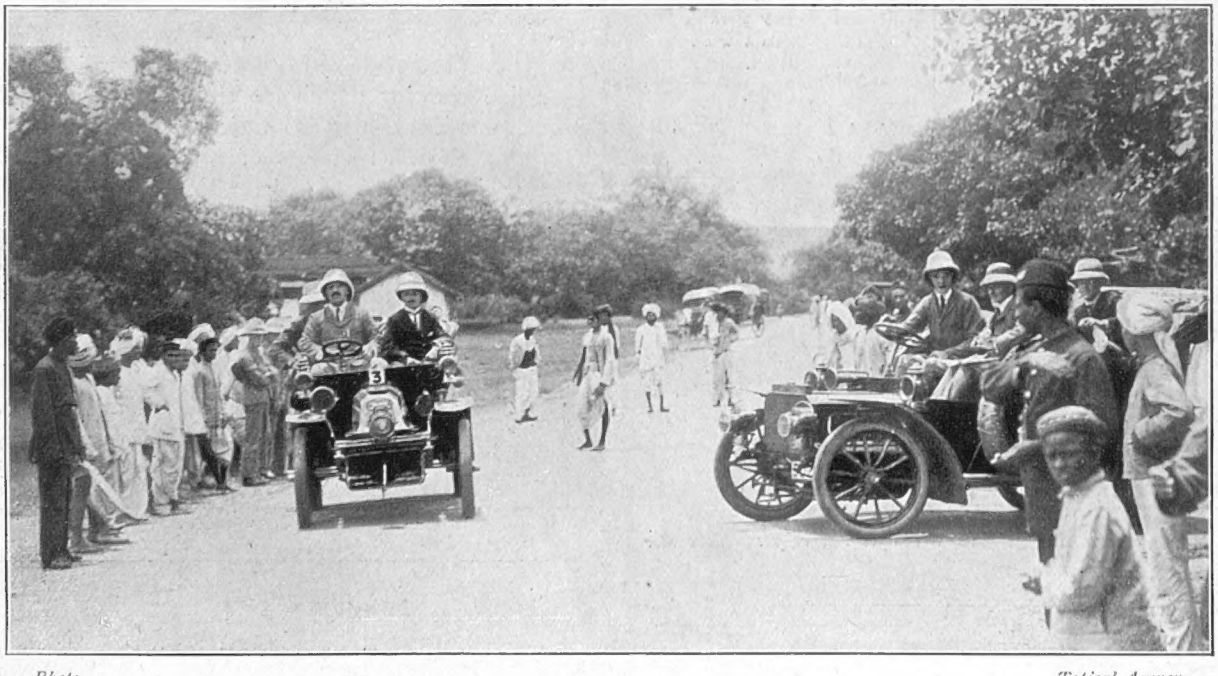

Photo *Topical Agency*

Motoring in India

Our Indian Empire is rapidly taking up the automobile. At the Poona Race Meeting many exciting finishes were witnessed. The illustration shows a Peugeot and a De Dion at Sotara Control

6 6

Observations on a Trial Run.

"My own observation showed me that the six-cylinder

GLADIATOR

has tremendous pace, marvellous hill-climbing powers, and gloriously smooth running. As for reliability, on the outward journey we made a 200 miles absolute non-stop run, while on the return journey we only stopped when we chose—for meals, to pay visits, and the like. Finally, she averaged 13 miles to the gallon, which, for a powerful six-cylinder car, carrying four persons and a lot of heavy luggage, and not exactly crawling, is pretty good, I think."—*The Motor Trader, September 5th, 1906.*

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A Woman's Note Book

The Kaiser and the Pessimists

It is an oft-quoted saying that a nation cannot be made moral through Acts of Parliament; nor, we might add, is it possible for subjects to become cheerful by Royal mandate. Yet, perhaps, in both cases a little towards the desired objects may be attained—at any rate, it means bringing them into the full daylight, to be inspected by what we hope may be a reasonable public. The Kaiser has said that he wants no pessimists in his country. They can go away and settle elsewhere, for they will be of neither use nor ornament to the Fatherland, he appears to think, and he has, in fact, hit the right nail on the head. It is the way to get on—to rid a country of its gloomy inhabitants, or else convert them to brighter and more energetic views. Some people strenuously assert that Germany is the land of the future, and if individuals succeed in large numbers in grasping the ruler's recently spoken gospel, there is not a doubt that it will be so. For if we probe into reasons, remembering that the world has grown very old, while we have allowed its elderliness to infect us, we shall see that it is almost always pessimism which is the matter — when anything *is* the matter, which I (pessimistically) declare to be often.

Youths with Black Visions

I was reading a series of essays just lately by some brilliant young men who will, unless their melancholy paralyses them, make names in the future, and I found they had grasped the pessimistic curse thoroughly. Thirty years ago we had ideals, they tell us; now we look at the complex condition of modern life, and the best and least despairing of us pursue the negative course of "minding our own business." Yet pessimism is an unnatural state—the kind of thing you put on afterwards. That the world may have assisted in decorating us with it I do not deny, but it is still something we are free to adopt or not as we please, and, moreover, a luxury we should be much better without. So natural, indeed, is belief in oneself and the world, that there is a stage of youth when a better state of affairs is inevitable; and, though partly conforming to the spirit of their age in *professing* dreary sentiments, the young are generally found to *act* with unbounded hopefulness. We never get all we want, of course, but we *approach* our objects; therefore the venerable pessimists are doubly culpable; they croak for themselves, and also, by their evil prognostications, fail the young optimists just when they need a helping hand.

The Effect of "Laisser Faire"

And there results, even among the hopeful young, a system of believing great things possible under altered circumstances; but so far as action is concerned, it is all letting go. What an effect this "letting go" has on our modern life, for it reduces everything to negatives! This is the age of self-congratulation on what we haven't got and needn't do. And it is singular that, in spite of more leisure and less battling with the world, this tendency is deeply marked in women, partly, perhaps, because they are the more susceptible creatures, and take up the influence of their times easily; but also, no doubt, because their lethargy is a phase of feeling rather than a reality, and so encountering difficulty is more likely to destroy than produce it. Women show it very plainly by their despair in domestic matters, and general anxiety to avoid housekeeping and household cares, which is quite a feature of the last few years. It is only the old who are young now, still fresh with the impressions of their youth when ideals were the fashion. A reaction will come, no doubt, and the next generation may be full of hopefulness. Meanwhile, the Kaiser has certainly given the keynote to our modern disease, with the prescription for its cure; and the nation that is readiest to profit by his words will be the leader of civilisation, renewing its youth and prosperity together. Suppose we endeavour to make this happen to England! — LADY PHYLLIS.

The Queen's Visit to Copenhagen: A view of the Quay and Canals, with the Thorvaldsens's Museum on the right